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Chopard

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“And so began a seven-year odyssey. It was like finding an undiscovered monument – a Machu Picchu of your own.”
—CCCP photographer Frédéric Chaubin

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TASCHEN

Spring/Summer 2011







Read this on your iPad!

Sans Souci

New Horizons

Dear Bookworms,

Just as TASCHEN muse Souci—seen in her most recent portrait by Walton Ford—watches the world from the top of her home in the Hollywood Hills, we are always searching the horizon for new ideas. As of this issue, we are now up to a print run of 600,000 copies of our magazine—a figure we think deserves a new, more comprehensive approach. Thus, for the first time, we are including select advertisers who we feel share our esthetic vision to spread their message to our sophisticated readers across the globe.

We are venturing into new editorial territory too, with the premiere this season of TASCHEN's first ever children's book: a newly translated compilation of fairy tales by the Brothers Grimm, illustrated with vintage drawings, paintings and woodcuts. This title marks the beginning of a whole new series of children books from around the world. Now our faithful customers who've grown up on TASCHEN books can enjoy the TASCHEN design and quality they've become accustomed to when reading to their own (grand) children from books we think will appeal to young and old alike.



And, since we deeply regret the closure of bookstores worldwide, yet still believe in the beauty and pleasure of hands-on book buying, we are delighted to announce the opening of another TASCHEN store this summer. Amsterdam, here we come!

Thanks for your continuous support and happy reading,
Peace

Benedikt Taschen

The beauty of Soviet brutalism

A photographic record of 90 weird and wonderful buildings from the last decades of the USSR



Inspired by the finest Suprematist utopias, the Georgian Ministry of Highways with its reduced anchorage by achitect George Chakhava. Tbilisi, Georgia – 1974. Photo © Frédéric Chaubin



"A bold foray into an architectural period that is barely documented, either in the former Soviet Union or the West."

—*The Observer*, London



"Turkey and the Pentagon mistook the new building for a launch pad."

—Frédéric Chaubin

“Eastern Bloc buildings that resemble a sci-fi writer’s erotic dream...”

—*ShortList*, London



Opposite: The Druzhba Sanatorium, the masterpiece of Igor Vasilevsky. Turkey and the Pentagon mistook the new building for a launch pad. Suspended between the three supporting pillars is a sea-water swimming pool. Its so-called “monobloc” construction system in which all functions were held together in a single volume was patented. Yalta, Ukraine, 1985.

Above: The Villa Auska was built for Leonid Brezhnev and completed two years before his death. Far from the usual seaside mildness, this colossus transposes into a Lithuanian glade the stiffness of a favorite Moscow style that young architects mockingly termed “cornice architecture.” The seawater swimming pool is shaped like the cartographic outline of the Republic of Lithuania.

Ideological dreams

The final age of Soviet architecture

Photographer Frédéric Chaubin reveals 90 buildings sited in fourteen former Soviet Republics which express what could be considered as the fourth age of Soviet architecture. They reveal an unexpected rebirth of imagination, an unknown burgeoning that took place from 1970 until 1990. Contrary to the twenties and fifties, no "school" or main trend emerges here. These buildings represent a chaotic impulse brought about by a decaying system. Their diversity announces the end of the Soviet Union.

2003

This project came about by chance. It began with a second-hand book bought on a sidewalk in Tbilisi one day in August 2003. Under the rather anonymous gray dust jacket two hundred pages in Cyrillic, published twenty years earlier, surveyed seventy years of architecture in Soviet Georgia. Among the listed buildings, two curiosities stood out. As the captions indicated, they were located in Tbilisi. I was there to interview President Shevardnadze. I had time to spare, so I looked for them and found them. Stunned by their sheer scale, I took photographs. Usually, that's as far as it goes. One returns home with a photographic souvenir of something exotic and unusual. The adventure fades once the journey is over. Not this time, however. These photographs inspired by a book were the beginning of another book.

The key event in this process came a few months later, when I met a woman in Lithuania. Working alongside her architect husband, she had helped to build a monumental health center there in the 1970s. The construction work took ten years. The building went up in the middle of the woods, near the border with Belarus, and was made, she told me, with total freedom. A homage to the work of Gaudí, she said. This spa at Druskininkai was the worthy product of such an ambition. There, surrounded by conifers, I found colossal concrete curves, modeled by an extraordinary aesthetic. This was miles away from my preconceived ideas about the Soviet world. How had this building managed to come into existence, so far off the beaten tracks of architecture? Was its formal liberty compatible with an official commission, bearing in mind that in the USSR every construction was commissioned by the State?

There seemed to be no work of reference, no precise documentation that might answer my questions. And then I remembered a real folly of a building that I had glimpsed on the road from Minsk to the airport. In the 1990s, for no particular reason, I had gone to spend a weekend in Belarus, an unknown country. There I caught an absent-minded glimpse of the Institute of Technology.

"The road is made by walking." Back in Minsk, in fact, a copy of an old issue of *ARCA* about Perestroika architecture brought other "monsters" to my attention. This was a whole field of investigation. And also the beginning of a game. Its rules were simple: to locate the diverse manifestations of this very different style of architecture, and generate an effect of mass by methodically pinpointing, one after another, these particular buildings. The Soviet world was huge. The adventure was a fine pretext for travel. I was not looking for formatted or inventoried items, but for a form of extravagance that I alone could delineate. A powerful, dreamlike presence that I wanted to capture in my photos. I saw an opening and I went for it with pleasure. Not only was this a chance to sketch the outlines of a history that had not been written, an almost fictional history, but also, and with the same gaze, it was possible to reverse what for twenty years had been a cliché of contemporary photography, "the post-Soviet world seen in terms of decay." I much preferred its utopias.

How had this building managed to come into existence, so far off the beaten tracks of architecture?

2006

Contrary to the usual logic, it was at the end of the whole process that I discovered the archives and, in particular, the authoritative Soviet quarterly *Arkhitektura SSSR*, which enabled me to be more rigorous. I found constructions that people told me had been destroyed. I photographed buildings that have disappeared since. Sometimes I got there too late. But wherever I went, my interest was deemed unusual, no doubt because the people who lived near these buildings still had a strong hangover from the Soviet period. The Russians were at least as eager to turn their backs on their past as anyone else.



Opposite: A cross between architecture and sculpture, the monument to the revival of Armenia by architect R. Israelyan. Aparan, 1979. Known as the "Renaissance," this monument commemorating the victory over the Turks suggests the stylized vestiges of an ancient fortress.

Left: The Fyodor Dostoevsky Theater of Dramatic Art, a surreal masterpiece by Vladimir Somov, designed to echo the primitive religious architecture of Veliky Novgorod, is surrounded by a spacious esplanade made up of modular motifs that repeat those of the construction itself. The column, which balanced the ensemble, was razed in 2008 because of its use by would-be suicides. Veliky Novgorod, Russian Federation, 1987.
Photos © Fréderic Chaubin



"As the Soviet Union crumbled, it gave rise to a chaotic age of building. Yet poetic images of its decay spark an unexpected rebirth of architectural imagination."

—*Architectural Review*, London

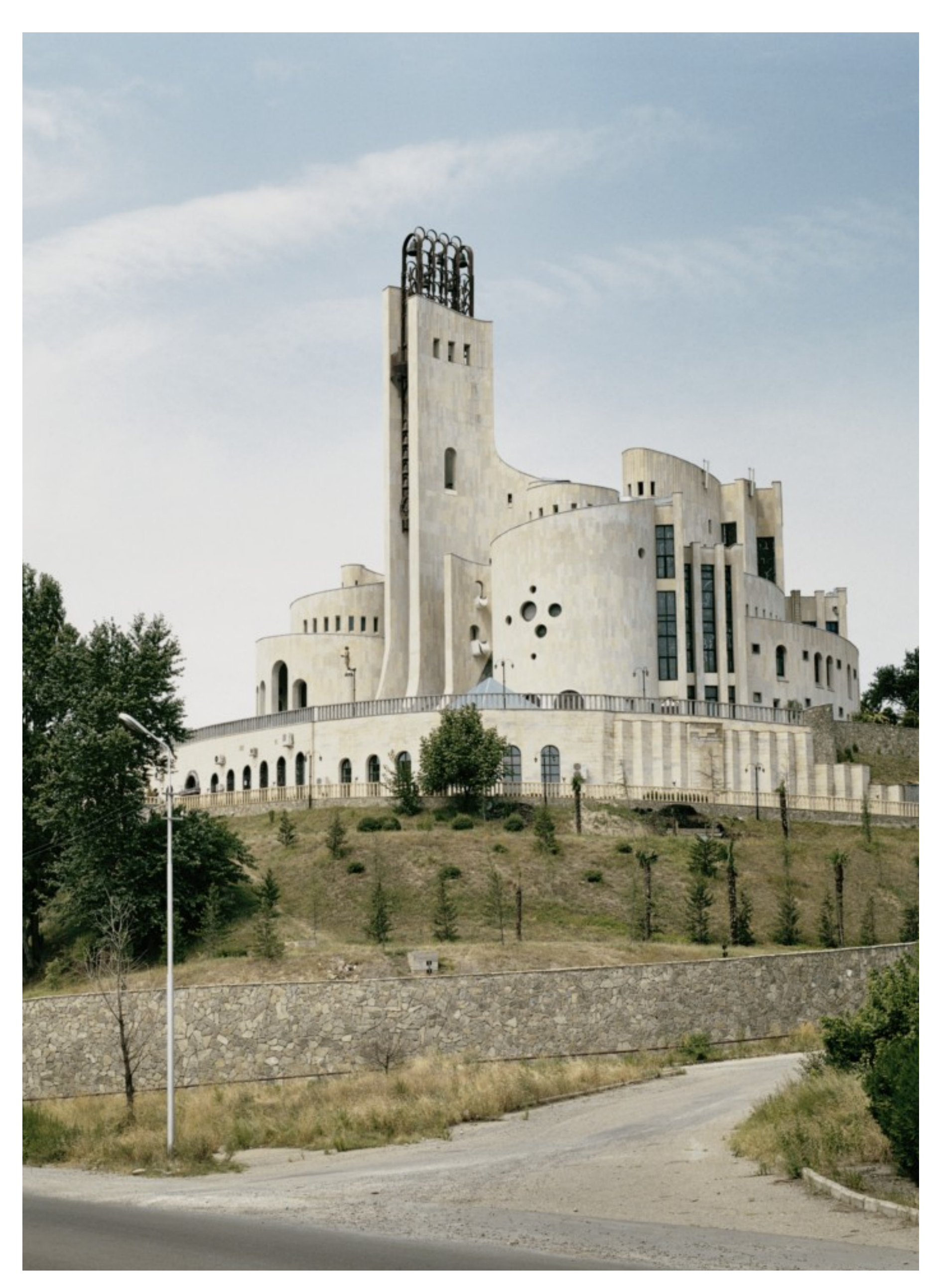


“...an eye-opening experience for those who assumed that Soviet architecture died with the rise of Stalin.”

—*The New York Times*, New York

The complex response to the collapse of the USSR developed into amnesia, a denial commonly applied to those years of disintegration. Hence the strange purgatory in which these objects seem to float: so close in time and yet out of time. This void taught me that history does not write itself. We must invent it, risk making mistakes. We must imagine it.
There was another circumstance to explain the neglect of this architecture: lack of "historical distance" was compounded by geography. Today, the Soviet Empire has been replaced by a mosaic of states, making overall perceptions that much hazier. The very object of this collection has been fragmented, dispersed by the formation of new political boundaries. Most of the states concerned now have hostile or at least distant relations with Moscow. In addition to the particular case of Georgia one could mention the Baltic States, which were annexed late in the day and occupied with a brutality long masked by a convenient version of history. Emancipation therefore went hand in hand with rejection.
Depending on local sensibilities, the architecture of those years generally met with indifference because it was too directly associated with the bad years and a collectivism imposed from outside. Today, however, there are signs of rehabilitation. In Estonia and Lithuania, for example, new generations are calling for certain buildings to be listed. Rejecting ideological assumptions, they are simply realizing that it is better to preserve an ambiguous heritage than to face a historical void. Slowly, and unevenly, people are beginning to look at these strange vestiges. But it took the freedom of movement and thought of a "tourist" to re-establish the connections between one country and another, and to compose this set of images.

2010
The hunt is over. My hope is that this "archaeology of the present," while not exhaustive, will allow readers to share my emotions as they learn about a long-forgotten reality, and that it will vividly convey the dreams of forgotten, sometimes nameless architects. This piece of research is a homage to their extravagance.



Citizens had to be kept away from churches and other places of worship. The challenge, therefore, was to create secular spaces with their own dramaturgy.

Aesthetic outsiders
Anyone's first trip to New York always comes with a feeling of déjà-vu, as if one were walking onto the set of a movie seen a hundred times. In contrast, there are vestiges of the Soviet Union that seem like backdrops to movies that never hit the screen, because they were never made. A collection of exuberant sets oscillating between audacity and folly. Placed in the middle of nowhere, with no context or norm, some of these buildings really stand out. They seem to have no obvious rationale, to ignore all architectural doctrines. They are like orphan monuments, scattered over the planet of collectivism. Their defining characteristics? First of all, they are aesthetic outsiders in an ocean of gray. Soviet architecture is synonymous with monotony, with stereotyped developments repeating the same forms again and again over phenomenal distances, based on the same urban models, the same economy of materials. Here we are somewhere else. In the singular. Secondly, the construction of these buildings extended from the late Brezhnev era to the collapse of the USSR, a period of barely fifteen years. A period of crumbling walls. It is as if, growing old, the Soviet net grew slack, allowing big holes of freedom to form between its gaping threads.
Hypothesis: the inertia of the Soviet machine, too busy putting off its own demise, let the work it commissioned on its margins float free of its control. In this sense it is surely no coincidence if most of these specimens came into existence on the fringes—the Polish border, the Caucasus, or on the Black Sea. Counter-hypothesis: these projects were not ignored but actively encouraged.

Opposite: Avraham Miletski's crematorium is literally engulfed in flames of concrete. This profusion of forms marks a return to expressionism, as an uninhibited phantasmagoria gives free rein to a flowing palette, evoking the "speaking architecture" of the French utopian architects.

Top right: The extraordinary Palace of Ceremonies in Tbilisi is like a cathedral from another world. Georgia, 1985.



“*Kate Moss by Mario Testino* documents a decades-long collaboration between a muse and an artful documentarian.”
—*The Daily*, New York

Fashion's dynamic duo

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Foreword by Mario Testino, essay by Kate Moss. Over 100 images, including many unseen private photographs from Testino's private archive

London 2000. Photo © Mario Testino
Below: Kate Moss and Mario Testino, London 2006





Mario Testino
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The sky's the thing
the mellow air –
air that you can't describe in words
but you feel it, you smell it, you touch it.

—Linda McCartney

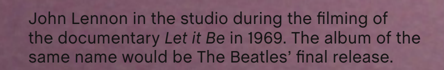
The world through Linda's eyes

A retrospective of Linda McCartney's life and photography

Paul playing with his children Stella and James at the family's farm in Scotland in 1982.

“All you need is ...
Life in Photographs, by
Linda McCartney.”

—*Be*, Paris



John Lennon in the studio during the filming of the documentary *Let it Be* in 1969. The album of the same name would be The Beatles’ final release.



Behind the lens

Excerpts from BBC's interview with Linda McCartney in 1994

"I like a little twinkle in the eye if I can get it, a little touch of humour and surrealism."



Learning to take photos
Photography really happened when I was living in Arizona and a friend of mine wanted to go to this art class at the Tucson Art Centre and it was in the evenings and she said "Please come along with me, I really want to go." And I said "No way." She said "Well I won't go if you don't come," so I went and I thought it would be teaching you what a camera was and everything, and it wasn't, it was looking at photographs from Walker Evans and Dorothea Lange, Ansel Adams ... really great photographers. Dorothea Lange was the biggest in my eyes. She photographed the migrant workers.... And Walker Evans was the other [great] one. Again I think it was that whole period that inspired me.

Hazel Archer, who was the teacher in the class, said "OK, I'll see you next week, take your pictures and come back." So I went up to her and I said "Well I don't have a camera and I don't know how to take pictures," [and] she said: "Borrow a camera, buy a roll of film, and take pictures." She inspired me to become a photographer, because of the photographs she showed me, unlike fashion photography, they were photographs of life, of people, of sadness, of poverty, of nature, everything—I loved it.

First big break
When the Rolling Stones were trying to get publicity for themselves, when they were touring over here, they sent *Town & Country* an invitation which I opened and put in my drawer and thought, "Well, I'll go to that one!" Someone came up to me and said "Well, we just don't have room for all the photographers and all the journalists so you will be the photographer." I thought "Oh my god, I'm not really a photogra-

Above: Linda McCartney's first portraits of musicians were made during her brief stint as a receptionist for *Town and Country* magazine, when she snagged a press pass to an exclusive promotional event for the Rolling Stones aboard a boat on the Hudson River in 1967. Her candid, casual portraits, such as this one of Brian Jones and Mick Jagger, helped launch her career.

Right: Linda's unusual framing in portraits like this one of *The Fool* (London, 1968) reveal her eye for the whole picture, including the environment surrounding her subjects.

“Sir Paul McCartney has created the ultimate tribute to his late wife Linda, with a book to celebrate her talent.”

—*Daily Mail*, London





Above: Linda's daughter Stella in Arizona, 1994.

Right: One of Linda McCartney's first Beatles portraits, taken during a launch event for *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* in London (1968).

pher, does she know?" But I bluffed my way, I mean I didn't bluff it, I figured it's her choice. So, I got on the boat and had a lot of film with me and really enjoyed taking pictures. I think my only worry was that the pictures wouldn't turn out, in truth .... I was a bit shy and introverted, but looking out through the lens I saw, and I forgot myself and I could actually see life. This enthusiasm came out of me, and it did, photography changed my life in that way, so it wasn't just the Rolling Stones, it was the whole thing.

Shooting rock portraits in the late 1960s

As things started happening and I took pictures for like *Rolling Stone* and that kind of thing, big glossy magazines asked me to take photographs for them. And, *Mademoiselle* were doing an issue 'Models with Musicians,' so who do they want to take the pictures? Me. Oh, that was nerve wracking, because once you do things like that, you are assigned to do the whole editorial of the magazine. That did make me nervous. And I sort of had to pick what the musicians would be and I got to pick the models and everything. So I said well great, we'll use Jimi Hendrix Experience, Tiny Tim, you know, I just thought of people that were around ... Aretha Franklin. You know it was quite a buzz. You wouldn't think Aretha, this great soul singer, would agree to dress in fashion, but she was great, so great. And we met at the Hilton hotel in Los Angeles and she was in tears, and she was sort of drinking vodka and she was just a mess, so depressed. She had this big manila envelope of money, paying off the band, and she was going through really bad times.

I took pictures of her, really a beautiful face, with these sort of tears and everything, and the sadness was amazing. And then we would go outside with the wig and the clothes and everything and the contrast—it is amazing how fashion looks so glamorous and behind it is so much sadness really.

But the best thing was after I did all this and I gave them the photographs, it turned out I got $750 for a black and white page, and $1000 for a colour page—what!? I would have done it for nothing, if they had only known ....

Jimi was very sensitive and very very insecure. He really didn't reckon himself and he used to burn the flag, and play the guitar with his teeth, and after a while he told me how much he hated doing that. But I said, "Look, you are the most inventive guitar player I've ever seen." I mean, off stage, he would just play all the time, brilliant ... [I said] "Stop doing that stuff!" He went "Oh no, they won't come and see me if I don't do it." They would've come and seen him more I think if he'd stopped doing that rubbish. But he was very insecure, as are a lot of artists. Jimi was just so sweet. It's so sad.

I had no idea I was photographing future icons, but, I loved [Jim Morrison's] music, I loved him as a person, I loved all The Doors actually—Ray and Robbie and John, in fact The Doors were never popular really until after Jim's death. I mean, you look at the movie on The Doors, it was nothing like that, you know they had massive crowds and "Jim, Jim..." None of that. I mean they could barely get arrested, in fact he did get arrested, poor guy. But Jim Morrison again was a poet, not a sex object. And, I mean, I tell you ... you saw how he grew a beard and got fat and everything, he was trying to say "Look, I don't want the veneer, I want you to see what's in my heart." I remember Jim coming over one day and he was very agitated and really upset, and I said "What's the problem?" He was just down in the Village and had run into someone he had gone to school with. And he said he was a very unpopular, very fat unattractive kid, and then he said he ran into this kid who was all over him. He just couldn't handle it—the fact that he was there as a kid, a fat human being and no one wanted to know. Now he was starting to get known and she was like... so it was again the veneer, the outside, that she was going for, not the person. And it really, really upset him ... you could see he was very upset.

[Janis Joplin] was from Texas, just a down-home Texas woman who wasn't particularly good-looking. So she was self-conscious about that, very much. And she used to have to drink a hell of a lot before she went on stage. I mean I remember sitting with her in LA in the dressing room and she knocked off a bottle of Southern Comfort just to get on stage, just to get the confidence to get out there and give something of herself. A lot of bands I photographed by accident just because I loved taking pictures of them. But at the Fillmore, The Who and Hendrix and BB King and Big Brother and so many acts would play there constantly because every Friday and Saturday night the Fillmore would have a show. BB used to support so many of the acts at The Fillmore. He had a lovely red guitar he used to call Lucille that someone stole. Can you imagine

The real thing that makes a photographer is more than just a technical skill, more than turning on the radio. It has to do with the force of inner intention.



Shadows in light and shade
seeing all things
common or obscure
I click

—Linda McCartney



Linda described Jimi Hendrix, seen here performing at the Rheingold Central Park Music Festival in 1967, as "very sensitive and very very insecure.... [H]e used to burn the flag, and play the guitar with his teeth, and after a while he told me how much he hated doing that.... [I said] 'Stop doing that stuff!' He went 'Oh no, they won't come and see me if I don't do it.'"

stealing BB King's guitar? I didn't do one of those "Oh I'll move the camera to get the movement," it was just sort of synergy, you know, just happened. Chemistry.

On the photographic instinct
I think you just feel instinctively, you got to just click on the moment. Not before it and not after it. I think if you are worried about light meters and all that stuff, you just miss it. For me it just came from my inners, as they say. Just excitement, I love it—I get very excited.
When I think about how and when one releases the shutter, it's for a multitude of reasons. Every photographer is searching for a definition that he or she doesn't really know how to explain until after the fact. When we are holding the print in our hand, then we know what it was we were really looking for and whether or not we found it. The real thing that makes a photographer is more than just a technical skill, more than turning on the radio. It has to do with the force of inner intention. I have always called this a visual signature. It has to do with the kind of visual overtone that emanates from the work of certain photographers who have managed to gain access into this level of performance within the medium. I don't think of skill, talent, technique, *n'importe quoi*. I'm only interested, as Bill Grant said, in the results. It's the results that count.

Meeting The Beatles
When I came to England, I wanted to photograph the Beatles, and Stevie Winwood, who had since left The Spencer Davis Group and started a group called Traffic. So that was great. And then The Beatles I wanted to photograph as well. So I took my portfolio over to Hilly House, their office, and Brian Epstein's assistant said "Fine, you can leave your portfolio and we'll get back to you." So after about two or three days he got back to me saying "Oh yes, Brian loved your photographs, and yes you may photograph The Beatles. They're releasing an album called *Sergeant Pepper*, and they are doing a press thing at Brian's house and you can be one of the photographers. And, by the way, Brian loved your photo of Brian Jones and one of the ones of Keith Moon." I said, he can have them! So that's how that happened, too, I got to photograph The Beatles, so my dreams came true.
I was nervous to photograph The Beatles because ... I was nervous! I think also because there were a lot of other photographers there. I didn't feel artistically satisfied [by the pictures]

I don't think of skill, talent, technique, *n'importe quoi*. I'm only interested, as Bill Grant said, in the results. It's the results that count.

except for the one of John and Paul with their thumbs up, because I felt like that was interaction, and that was the photo that nobody else got. No one knew I was a photographer. When I married Paul, to [the fans] I was an American divorcee, I think they called me ... "Who is this American divorcee? Why isn't he marrying his girlfriend he had been going with for years?" You know, we didn't prepare them.

On photography
My photography is me. I'm not influenced at all by critics .... I grew up in a visual family and I'm a very visual person and the immediacy for me also in photography is like ... I was trying to make social comments in my photographs, still am. So I mean now, I'll go and I'll take butcher shop windows, or meat being unloaded from a truck, or if I could get in a slaughter house I'd show the horrors of life. I'm against animal slaughter and against people eating animals, and experimenting on animals and wearing animals. I do a lot of it for charity now, and I don't charge anything now for Lynx, who are the anti-fur people. I did a big campaign for them to try and show people that it's horrible to wear animal's skin, and that includes leather, because that's animal's skin .... So, photography as a social comment really interests me, it's changed for me now. And I think the social comment is more interesting. I think a photograph has to stand on its own without any words. Like this Dorothea Lange picture I was telling you about, I mean that picture, it's so in my mind and it says it all. You don't even need to know anything about it, it just said it all. And I think that's it for me. To get you to look at it and feel emotion.
A good photograph to me is ... something that will make you react, stop and look and think really. You know, really... a picture is worth a thousand words.

I think a photograph has to stand on its own without any words.



Paul writing on a cluttered table (Scotland, 1970).

"How did this book come about? I was sitting with Benedikt Taschen at a dinner for Jeff Koons, and I just told him that I thought a project on my mum's photography would be a great idea. Luckily, he agreed, and we just went straight to work on it. I think for me, Dad, and Mary, it was really a case of breathing new life into Mum's work and making people aware of how inspirational and contemporary it was. It certainly inspired my work."
—Stella McCartney to *W Magazine*, New York

This retrospective volume—selected from Linda McCartney's archive of over 200,000 images—was produced in close collaboration with Paul McCartney and their children. Included are forewords by Paul, Stella, and Mary McCartney.

In addition to our limited editions (see next page), this book is also available as trade edition.





Linda McCartney. Life in Photographs
Paul McCartney, Linda McCartney, Mary McCartney, Stella McCartney, Annie Leibovitz, Martin Harrison (Texts)
Alison Castle (Ed.)
Hardcover, format: 26.5 x 37.4 cm (10.4 x 14.7 in.), 280 pp.
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Linda's life became one with her photography

Annie Leibovitz on Linda McCartney

Sometimes, photographers visit the worlds of their subjects. This is what usually happens. Other times we ride alongside our subjects, with parallel lives. And then sometimes, if we are lucky, and strong enough, we enter the subject's world and become part of it. The lines between life and work are blurred.
Linda McCartney's life became one with her photography. This was more obvious later on, but in a way it was true from the beginning. She was very young when she started taking pictures, or when people noticed that she was taking pictures. She was also beautiful and smart and sophisticated. In those early pictures of



Portrait of Linda McCartney by an unknown photographer.

musicians, they aren't looking at a photographer. They're in love with the woman with the camera. They're flirting. Engaged.
There's an idea that it's hard to be a woman artist. People assume that women have fewer opportunities, less power. But it's not any harder

> **"In those early pictures of musicians, they aren't looking at a photographer. They're in love with the woman with the camera."**

to be a woman artist than to be a male artist. We all take what we are given and use the parts of ourselves that feed the work. We make our way. Photographers, men and women, are particularly lucky. Photography lets you find yourself. It is a passport to people and places and to possibilities. Linda found her stride in her photographs of her family. My favorite photograph in this book is the one of the dining table at the farm in Scotland. Paul is there, at the edge of the picture, photographed from the back, but the subject is the minutiae of family life. A half-full open bottle of wine and a baby bottle with juice. Letters, notes, crayons, dirty dishes. It's wonderful to have photographs like that. Photographs of what she saw and lived.
Linda never stopped taking pictures. She was serious about it. I must confess that I was a little envious of her book of sun pictures—pictures made by experimenting with an early nineteenth-century printing process that involves manipulating negatives and natural light on rag paper. There are two sun pictures of a horse named Shadow. Shadow leaping in the snow on a dark winter day. Shadow jumping. I've never seen anything like them. They are mysterious and beautiful.
In the mid-seventies, while photographing a cover story on Wings for *Rolling Stone*, I found myself crammed in the back of a limo with Paul and Linda and two of their children. Stella, who must have been four or five years old, picked up her mother's camera. She leaned back against the door of the car, looked through the viewfinder, and concentrated on making a portrait of her parents and older sister. She was mimicking a gesture she must have seen her mother make a thousand times. Many years later, I went to England to photograph Stella herself, who was grown up and well known and successful. We went to Gloucestershire, where she had a farm, and I photographed her on horseback. As I watched Stella riding, her hair flowing, her body at one with the cantering horse, for a moment I

> **"Photography didn't fail Linda. Her pictures are proof of a life well lived. As a woman and as an artist."**

felt, very strongly, that I was seeing Linda. I saw her spirit. I saw her free.
Linda's one-ness with her photography was most evident at the end of her life, when she must have suspected that she was going to leave the world. The photographs she made then are simple, pure. She was using photography to try to hold on to existence. As we all do. Photography offers us the assurance that we will not be forgotten.
Photography didn't fail Linda. Her pictures are proof of a life well lived. As a woman and as an artist.

Limited to 1,000 numbered copies



and signed by Sir Paul McCartney

London 2010

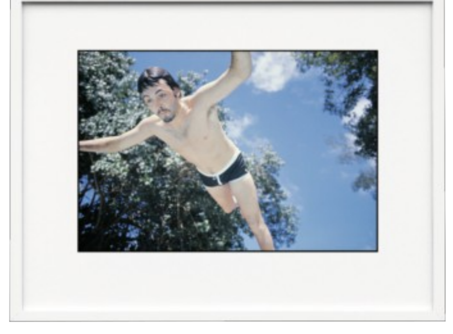
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“TASCHEN makes great books and will often find an artist and topic that would otherwise have faded into oblivion.”

—*Jyllands-Posten*, Copenhagen

The foot of the Rospigliosi Cup, supposedly once owned by Prince Rospigliosi in Rome, takes the shape of a tortoise with a dragon crouched on its back, which in turn supports the actual drinking cup. At one end of this scallop-shaped bowl sits a sphinx, a small red crab dangling from her breast into the cup.

A printed museum of unusual treasures

Applied arts of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance



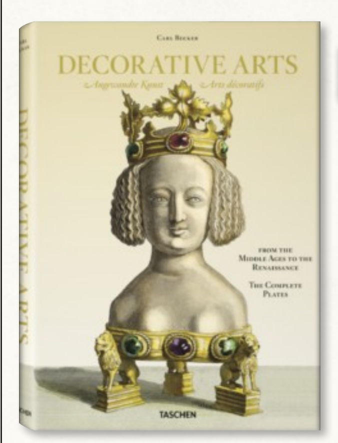








By selecting masterpieces from public and private collections and reproducing them faithfully in pictures, in the 19th century Jakob Heinrich von Hefner-Alteneck and Carl Becker created a document of artistic quality in itself, which also provides evidence of works which have since been lost.
With 216 hand-colored copperplate engravings, the publication gives a comprehensive overview of applied arts in Europe from the 9th to the 16th centuries.

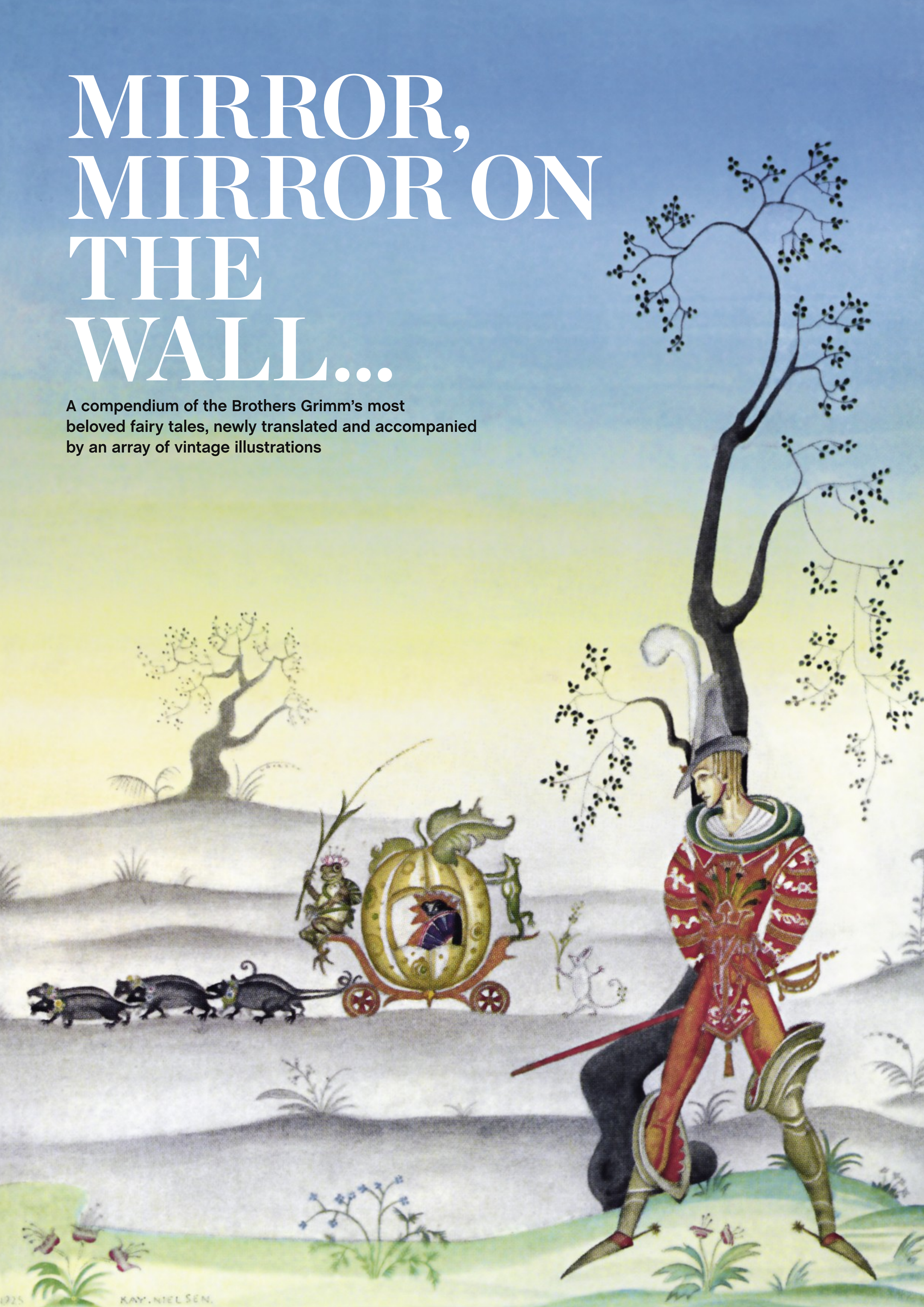




Carl Becker
Decorative Arts from the Middle Ages to the Renaissance
Carsten-Peter Warncke
Hardcover, 2 fold-outs,
format: 30.5 x 43.5 cm (12 x 17.1 in.), 408 pp.
€ 99.99 / $ 150 / £ 99.99

MIRROR, MIRROR ON THE WALL...

A compendium of the Brothers Grimm's most beloved fairy tales, newly translated and accompanied by an array of vintage illustrations



In honor of the tales' 200th anniversary, The Fairy Tales of the Brothers Grimm *brings to life their timeless magic and the special illustrations they inspired.*

It has been two hundred years since the two brothers from Kassel, Germany, first published, in 1812, "Hansel and Gretel," "Sleeping Beauty," "Rapunzel," "Snow White," and many other fairy tales that have since become classics. It is nearly impossible today to imagine a time when the world—from children's books to literature to movies to everyday quips—was not saturated in the robust legacy of these classic tales. They have become code words in popular culture, where "Beware the wolf," or "You have to kiss a lot of frogs to find a prince," or even simply "Cinderella," is understood by everyone. But the Grimms' influence has been not only literary, but also visual. The Grimms' tales were a vital engine for a whole new caliber of artistic activity, not only in Germany, but across Europe and North America. The partnership between artists and publishers of the Grimms' tales helped

The Grimms' tales are a ceaseless source of inspiration for generations of writers, artists, and filmmakers around the world.

change the way children's books were made and marketed, and this, in turn, had a profound impact on the history of illustrated books. Today, however, compilations of the Grimms' tales are either not illustrated, or they relegate the illustrations to a minor role with poor, sparse reproductions. The purpose of this book is to generously illustrate the original tales as never before so that they can not only be enjoyed as works of art accessible to the whole family, but also appreciated as an important part of the legacy of the tales. In this new approach, 27 of the most famous of the Grimms' tales, such as "Little Red Riding Hood," "Sleeping Beauty," and "Snow White," as well as lesser-known gems such as "The Fisherman and His Wife" and "Tom Thumb's Travels," are each paired—one artist per story—with illustrations by some the most famous artists from the 1820s to the 1950s. The illustrations in this book include a roster of influential international artists from Germany, Britain, Sweden, Austria, the Czech Republic, Switzerland, and the United States, whose work I discovered researching in archives in the United States and Europe. Highlights include German pioneer Gustav Süs, whose hand-colored lithographs anticipate the playful images of Beatrix Potter's *Peter Rabbit.*



SLEEPING BEAUTY

OPPOSITE She saw an old woman at her spinning wheel. "What is that funny thing bobbing up and down?" the princess asked.

herself in the finger. In the very moment she felt the tiny stab, she collapsed onto the bed next to her and sank into a deep sleep, which spilled out over the whole great castle. The king and queen, who had just returned home and entered the great hall, began to drowse, and all their court with them. The horses fell asleep in their stalls, as did the dogs in the courtyard, the doves on the roof, and the flies on the wall; even the flames flickering in the hearth dimmed into embers, and the roast above ceased its sizzling. The cook, who was just about to grab his apprentice by the hair for making a mistake, stopped short and began to snore. The winds themselves died away, and in the castle woodlands not a leaf rustled anymore.

All around the castle wild rosebushes began to grow, and every year the thicket grew taller and thornier, until finally it enveloped the castle so that not a single turret could be seen, nor even the flag atop the highest tower. All over the kingdom people began to whisper of Sleeping Beauty, as the princess was now called, and also of the many high and noble princes who came from time to time, hoping to force their way through the thorny hedge to her. But this they failed to do, for the thorns held together as tightly as clasped hands, and each prince inevitably met a miserable end trapped in the briar.

RIGHT The girl wandered through the castle, exploring its endless rooms and chambers, until at last she came to an old tower.

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SLEEPING BEAUTY

OPPOSITE As the prince approached the wall of thorns, it burst into beautiful flowers, and parted to let him pass through unharmed.

BELOW The prince bent to kiss Sleeping Beauty. Just as his lips touched hers, she opened her eyes and awoke.

throne. And on he went, and the place was so hushed that he could hear his every breath. Finally he reached the staircase to the old tower, climbed up, and opened the door to the little room where Sleeping Beauty lay. She slept so peacefully, and was so lovely, that he could not take his eyes off her. He bent to kiss her. Just as his lips touched hers, she opened her eyes and awoke, and gazed at him tenderly.

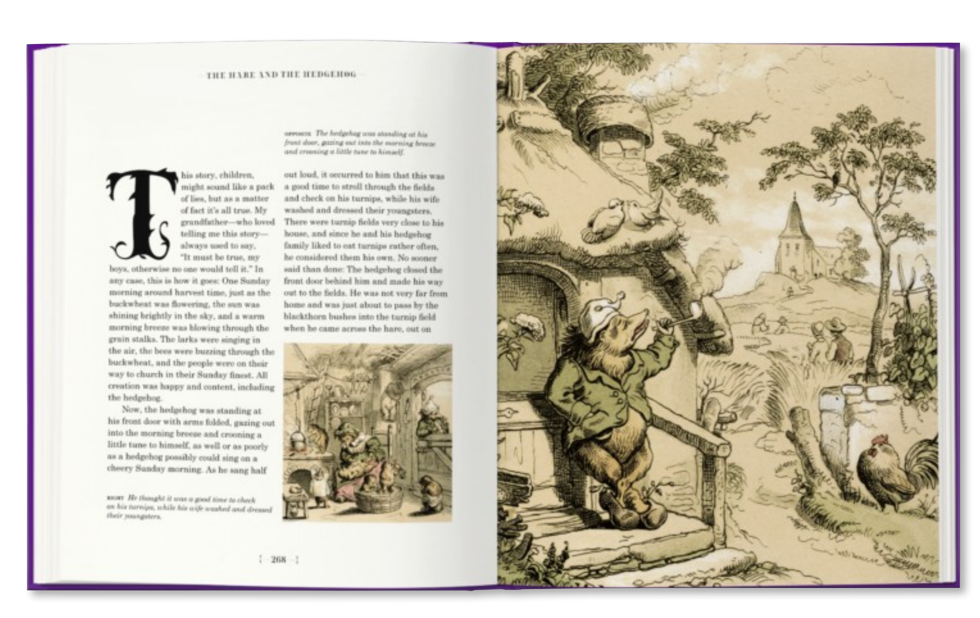
Down they went together, and the king and queen roused, as did their court, and they all looked at one another in wide-eyed astonishment. The horses in the courtyard stood and shook themselves; the hunting dogs leapt and barked and wagged their tails; the rooftop doves looked up from beneath their feathers and took flight into the fields; the flies on the wall began their buzzing anew; the hearth's fire flamed up again and cooked the food, the roast sizzling away once more; the apprentice squealed as the cook finally boxed him on the ears; and the maiden began to pluck the black hen. And the prince and Sleeping Beauty were married in a dazzling celebration, and they lived in contentment all the days of their lives.

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Opposite: Famous Danish artist Kay Nielsen created this watercolor of "The Three feathers" in 1925. His exotic watercolors caused a sensation during illustration's golden age in the early 20th century.

Right: Award-winning Swiss artist Herbert Leupin electrified "Sleeping Beauty" in 1948 with images ablaze in color.

A timeless classic refreshed for today's readers, this book offers a new illustrated approach to the tales.



THE HARE AND THE HEDGEHOG

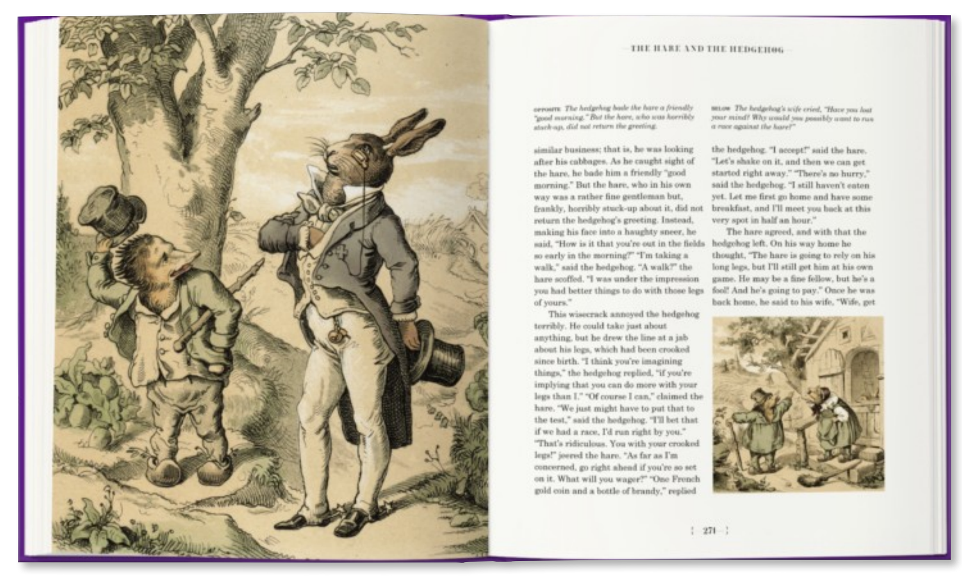
OPPOSITE The hedgehog was standing at his front door, gazing out into the morning breeze and crooning a little tune to himself.

This story, children, might sound like a pack of lies, but as a matter of fact it's all true. My grandfather—who loved telling me this story—always used to say, "It must be true, my boys, otherwise no one would tell it." In any case, this is how it goes: One Sunday morning around harvest time, just as the buckwheat was flowering, the sun was shining brightly in the sky, and a warm morning breeze was blowing through the grain stalks. The larks were singing in the air, the bees were buzzing through the buckwheat, and the people were on their way to church in their Sunday finest. All creation was happy and content, including the hedgehog.

Now, the hedgehog was standing at his front door with arms folded, gazing out into the morning breeze and crooning a little tune to himself, as well or as poorly as a hedgehog possibly could sing on a cheery Sunday morning. As he sang half out loud, it occurred to him that this was a good time to stroll through the fields and check on his turnips, while his wife washed and dressed their youngsters. There were turnip fields very close to his house, and since he and his hedgehog family liked to eat turnips rather often, he considered them his own. No sooner said than done: The hedgehog closed the front door behind him and made his way out to the fields. He was not very far from home and was just about to pass by the blackthorn bushes into the turnip field when he came across the hare, out on

RIGHT He thought it was a good time to check on his turnips, while his wife washed and dressed their youngsters.

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THE HARE AND THE HEDGEHOG

OPPOSITE The hedgehog bade the hare a friendly "good morning." But the hare, who was horribly stuck-up, did not return the greeting.

BELOW The hedgehog's wife cried, "Have you lost your mind? Why would you possibly want to run a race against the hare?"

similar business; that is, he was looking after his cabbages. As he caught sight of the hare, he bade him a friendly "good morning." But the hare, who in his own way was a rather fine gentleman but, frankly, horribly stuck-up about it, did not return the hedgehog's greeting. Instead, making his face into a haughty sneer, he said, "How is it that you're out in the fields so early in the morning?" "I'm taking a walk," said the hedgehog. "A walk?" the hare scoffed. "I was under the impression you had better things to do with those legs of yours."

This wisecrack annoyed the hedgehog terribly. He could take just about anything, but he drew the line at a jab about his legs, which had been crooked since birth. "I think you're imagining things," the hedgehog replied, "if you're implying that you can do more with your legs than I." "Of course I can," claimed the hare. "We just might have to put that to the test," said the hedgehog. "I'll bet that if we had a race, I'd run right by you." "That's ridiculous. You with your crooked legs!" jeered the hare. "As far as I'm concerned, go right ahead if you're so set on it. What will you wager?" "One French gold coin and a bottle of brandy," replied the hedgehog. "I accept!" said the hare. "Let's shake on it, and then we can get started right away." "There's no hurry," said the hedgehog. "I still haven't eaten yet. Let me first go home and have some breakfast, and I'll meet you back at this very spot in half an hour."

The hare agreed, and with that the hedgehog left. On his way home he thought, "The hare is going to rely on his long legs, but I'll still get him at his own game. He may be a fine fellow, but he's a fool! And he's going to pay." Once he was back home, he said to his wife, "Wife, get

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THE HARE AND THE HEDGEHOG

Mr. Hedgehog took his prize, and they went home together in good cheer. Since then no hare has dared to race against the hedgehog.

hare ran the race seventy-three times. And each time the hedgehogs, in their own way, kept up with him. Whenever the hare reached the top or the bottom of the field, the hedgehog or his wife would shout, "Here I am already!"

But on the seventy-fourth go-round, the hare didn't make it to the end of the course. In the middle of the field he fell to the ground, blood flowing from his mouth, and he stayed right there. Mr. Hedgehog took his prize, the gold French coin and bottle of brandy, and called for his wife to come out from the furrow. They went home together in good cheer, and if they have not died by now, then they must still be alive. And that's how it happened, there on the Buxtehude Heath, that the hedgehog ran the hare into the ground. Since then no hare has dared to race against the Buxtehude hedgehog.

The moral of the story is, first of all, it should never occur to any of us to make fun of a humble person, no matter how great we think we are, even if that someone is only a hedgehog. And second of all, it's better when you are wooing a young lady to choose one who is your equal, and who—as we've learned—is your spitting image too. That is to say, if you are a hedgehog, well then, you should make sure your wife is a hedgehog too.

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Protocartoons from as early as the 1860s are also featured, as is the work of England's most popular illustrators of their day, Walter Crane and Arthur Rackham. Golden-age prodigy and Danish artist Kay Nielsen also produced sensational illustrations the Grimms' tales and later worked for Disney, as did the best-selling Swedish-American illustrator of two tales in this book, Gustaf Tenggren. Later, in the 1940s, award-winning Swiss artist Herbert Leupin playfully explored saturated color and the contours of cartooning in his remarkably modern images.

In 2005, the Grimms' fairy tales were selected for inclusion in UNESCO's Memory of the World Register, an initiative to safeguard documents vital to world history. It has been nearly ten years since a major translation of the Grimms' fairy tales has been published in English, and in the wake of the increased appreciation for the unabridged tales, the time is right for a new translation. The translator Matthew Price and I were surprised by what we found in the original German: It is a text full of feeling, far more humorous and crackling with wit and spice than either of us remembered from the many adaptations we read growing up. We therefore focused on bringing the pleasure of

The partnership between artists and publishers of the Grimms' tales had a profound impact on the history of illustrated books.

the original words to the forefront to communicate the inner theater of the tales, while keeping the English lively and accessible to all readers. By turns graceful and poignant, and spirited and dramatic, the Grimms' tales offer plenty of adventure, pitch-perfect humor, and life lessons in a delightful spectrum of human emotion that warrants rediscovery by readers of all ages.
—Noel Daniel

Left: German artist Gustav Süs was a pioneer in drawing animals, and these early engravings from 1855 of "The Hare and the Hedgehog" embody his strikingly modern touch.

Right: Humorist and Art Nouveau artist Franz Wacik relished creating illustrations for the witty tale "The Brave Little Tailor" in 1915.

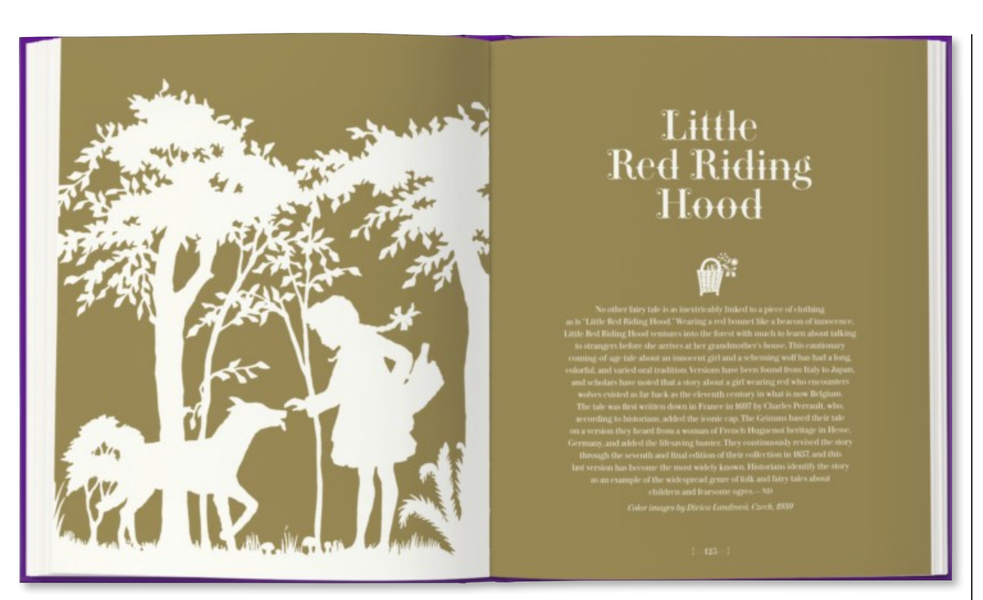
Page 34: German artist Viktor P. Mohn produced this tender image of "The Star Coins" in 1882 using the new printing technique of stone lithography, which allowed for rich color and detail.

Page 35: Czech artist Divica Landrová experimented with silhouettes for her unique images of "Little Red Riding Hood" from 1959.





Discover the tales that have fascinated children and adults for two centuries—each carefully introduced and laid out with love.



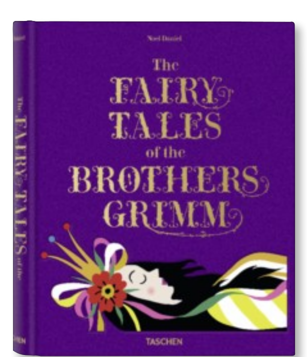




The Grimms' tales are a cultural treasure belonging to us all.

- **Presents generously illustrated original tales unlike any other book on the market**
- **Features illustrations by famous artists from Germany, Britain, Sweden, Austria, the Czech Republic, Switzerland, and the United States in a unique format pairing one tale to one artist**
- **Features 27 of the most beloved tales in a new translation based on the 7th and final 1857 edition of the tales and accessible to readers of all ages**
- **Includes extended artists' biographies that provide a historical overview of the artists' lives and work**
- **Includes an introductory essay about the Grimms' legacy, as well as brief historical introductions to each tale**
- **Contains dozens of new, unique silhouettes specially commissioned for the book**
- **As part of UNESCO's Memory of the World Register (which safeguards cultural documents), these tales are widely recognized as a vital part of world history**

TASCHEN editor Noel Daniel discovered the powerful pull of fantasy when researching her recent books *Magic* and *The Circus*. Here, she turns her attention to the source of much modern-day fantasy—fairy tales. A graduate of Princeton University, she studied in Berlin on a Fulbright Scholarship and earned a Master's in London.



The Fairy Tales of the Brothers Grimm
Noel Daniel (Ed.)
Clothbound hardcover, format: 20.5 x 25.6 cm (8.1 x 10.1 in.), 320 pp.
€ 29.99 / $ 39.99 / £ 24.99

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—*The Art Newspaper*, London

La Jongleuse, 2009. Photo © Bettina Rheims
"Spreading his immense shadow
Over the world and over Paris
Who is that spectre, with two grey irises,
That rises up from the silence below?
Fantômas, could that be you
Up there, looming against the blue?"
Robert Desnos – *La Complainte de Fantômas*

The ultimate intimacy

If orgasm is the little death, is masturbation the little suicide?



The title means "the little death," a euphemism for orgasm, but the women who exuberantly masturbate for Toronto photographer Will Santillo in this book are as lively a bunch as you'll ever meet.

Santillo conceived the project eight years ago to include a thorough cross section of women: young to old, slim to thick, perfect beauties to those not considered beautiful until seen through his lens. The one constant would be that each would decide and direct how she masturbated to climax while he captured the moment. From previous projects with amateur subjects Santillo had come to believe that masturbation is a far more personal act than most sex play because it is conducted almost exclusively in private. He set out to reveal the diversity and creativity with which women approach self-stimulation, and to portray the beauty of ordinary women in the throes of orgasm—a beauty far richer than the male oriented depictions seen in pornography. Santillo says he seeks to uncover the hidden face of his subjects, and indeed, it's the faces that best show the intensity of response in these artfully explicit photos. Dian Hanson interviewed 37 of the women, and their candid insights on overcoming inhibition, giving in to exhibitionism, and achieving orgasm in front of a stranger with a camera provide a framework for the lush, sepia-toned photos. For all who are curious about just what the woman next door—or one's own wife—gets up to in her private moments, *La petite Mort* is a breath of life.

Above: Jayelynn masturbating at the window of a New York City hotel room. "I was in awe," she said. "I'm like a Motel 6 kind of person."

Jayelynn, 38, Model & Actress

I really can't think of a fantasy at the moment that I haven't had, but if there was just one I had to use, it would be me with another woman. Sometimes I'll imagine my husband being involved, and sometimes it's just me and the woman. Dark hair, dark skin, tall, tan, somebody with curves and a natural figure, like Catherine Zeta-Jones. There's rarely any talking, just very quiet, candles or low light, very romantic. She would probably be the aggressor. But in real life, I can't give up the cock. I'm sorry.

Lindsey, 33, Teacher

As long as I can remember I've been masturbating. I never felt ashamed about it and I knew it was a healthy part of being a sexual human being. Watching porn always does the trick for me. Gay porn, lesbian porn, bisexual porn, group sex — they always get me off! Posing for Will was on the top of my fantasy list. After that, being told to masturbate by a partner. I like being forced!



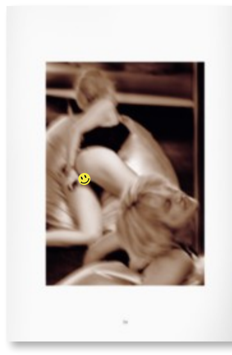
Mackenzi, 28, Paralegal

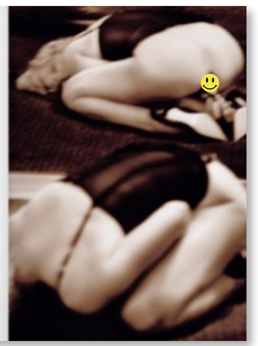
I almost called in and said I can't do it. I got nervous. Then I said, "No, Mackenzi, do it. It's an artistic book. It's not pornographic. And it's women from all walks of life—all ages." Hearing the camera click, it was difficult for me to get aroused and get into my fantasy world where I felt comfortable. So I felt relieved at the end. I felt, "You did it, and it's captured, and I can't wait to see it." When I saw the photos, I liked seeing myself enraptured and in ecstasy.

Page 38 and above: Most models appearing in this book are ordinary women with conventional jobs; 23 requested anonymity, including these three.

Sixty women, aged 22 to 52, from full time moms to investment bankers, are photographed by Toronto-based Will Santillo masturbating to orgasm. Locations include private homes, urban balconies and public beaches. Interviews







with 37 of the amateur models reveal fantasies, techniques and an undercurrent of exhibitionism running through the secret dreams of the girl next door.

ADULTS ONLY!

Will Santillo
La Petite Mort
Female Masturbation, Fantasies & Orgasm
Dian Hanson (Ed.)
Hardcover, format: 20.4 x 28.9 cm
(8 x 11.4 in.), 208 pp.
€ 29.99 / $ 39.99 / £ 27.99

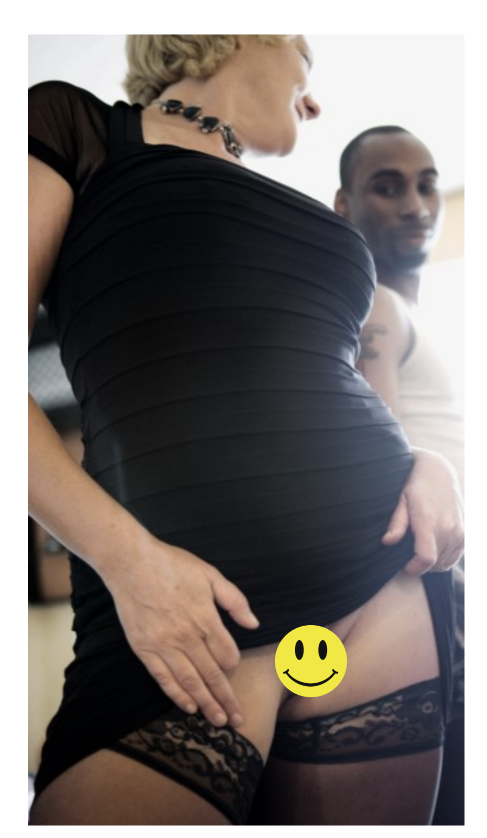



Santoni
Limited Edition



This kitty has claws

Through the cougar's eyes:
the road to sexual liberation



Reborn

by Liz Earls

I was driving down the 5 to LA, blasting Beth Hart through my iPod earphones, creeping up towards 100 mph. My car was fully loaded and I was thinking about the new loft when my phone lit up.

I knew it was playing *Shake Your Moneymaker*, but couldn't hear it 'til I took my phones off and adjusted to the low voice at the other end. It was an unknown number, some guy I must know, telling me that he had this dream about me where he was eating my pussy for hours and woke up with a raging hard on. I was flattered, and curious to know who he was, but I didn't think it would be right to ask at that point. I told him I would be back in San Francisco next week if he wanted to hook up. He did, and would call. I hung up, smiling, and then laughing at how good it all felt. The move, the men, my life had become a playground, and it was exactly what I wanted.

It's been five years since I started shooting erotic photographs, in January 2005. Before that I was alternately a stay-at-home mom and a human resources director. I also weighed 200 pounds. This is the story of how I transformed my life.

I quit my human resources job when I got pregnant with my first daughter. Staying home, I gained 100 pounds by the time she was born. My unhappy marriage was partly responsible for my insatiable appetite. I'd been a pregnant bride, marrying a man I didn't love because it was the right thing to do, the safe thing to do, while I was actually in love with his best friend. By the middle of my second pregnancy I knew I couldn't keep lying to my husband anymore. I felt terrible guilt, but even with no money, no job, and no place to live, I had to leave.

For extra money I began shooting photos part time for a local newspaper. I turned a small closet into a darkroom and enjoyed the work, even though it only paid 20 bucks per photo used. I felt comfortable with a camera in my hands, and saw that people responded differently to me with my press pass and fairly impressive camera. This was the first step towards the life I have today, but I still had many years to go. I was completely immersed in being a mom, and felt invisible to the opposite sex.

When the kids were finally both in school, I signed up with a temp agency and the very next day had an interview for a temporary position as a human resources assistant.

The interview was at a big company, and the man who hired me told me that Keith, the boss, was on vacation. When I had been working there a week a tall, thin man, younger than I would have expected, walked up to me, smiled, and said, "Welcome." It was Keith, and I quickly became fascinated by this man with the mesmerizing eyes. It was the way he smiled at me, like I wasn't invisible anymore, even though I weighed 185 pounds. I wanted to please him.

Shortly after that I came in on a Saturday to do some extra work, and right behind me came Keith with his wife. They looked miserable together, and it reminded me of my own unhappy marriage. I was 39 then and thought, "I don't want to be fat anymore. I don't want to be fat and 40." I joined a weight-loss program the next day, stuck to the program completely, and started working out too. Within eight months I dropped 75 pounds.

During those eight months Keith and I worked closely together and I guess it was pretty obvious where this was going. I was becoming a size 4, a different person, not just from the weight loss but because I couldn't wait to get to the office. I was earning $80,000 a year and falling in love with my married boss, going crazy with all the suppressed passion, but knew I would have to make the move. At that point I didn't care if he fired me; I just couldn't hide my feelings anymore, so one night I sent him a text message saying, "I can't sleep. Meet me?" Soon we were meeting every night after work to make out in the company parking lot. Then we began to work in the office on Saturdays, and always ended up against a wall rubbing our bodies together, dry humping, touching, kissing, and getting very wet.

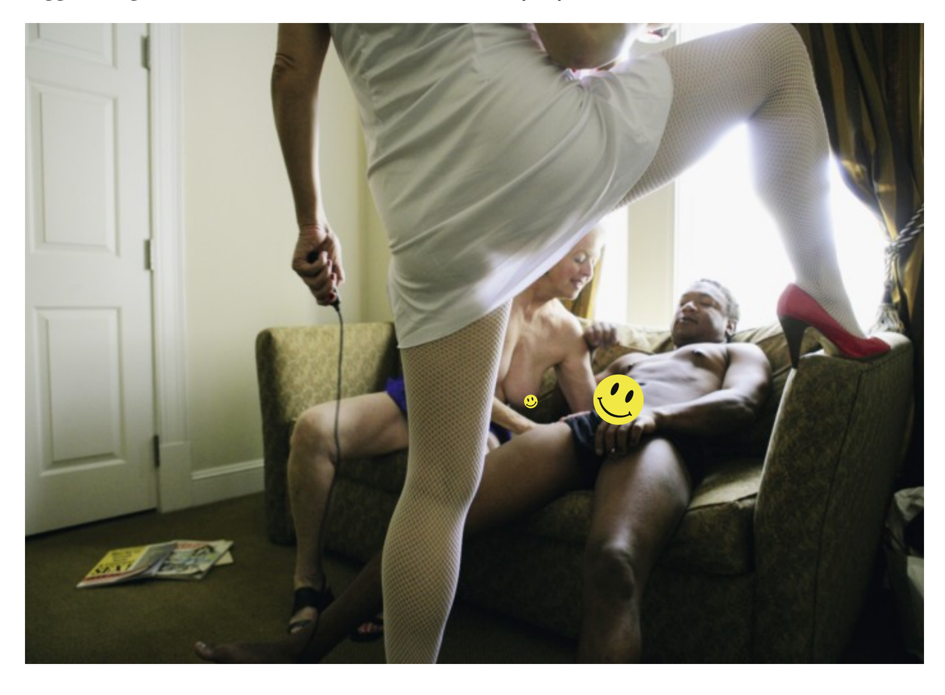
> **"Before that I was alternately a stay-at-home mom and a human resources director. I also weighed 200 pounds. This is the story of how I transformed my life."**

I left the company six months later. Even though we had yet to "go all the way" our affair was taking on a life of its own with all the rumors. I thought maybe Keith was holding back because of the working relationship and hoped we'd have a more normal affair if I weren't with him at work. However, I was holding back too, because of my body.

With the weight loss my skin and breasts sagged terribly. I worked out every day for an hour but there was no way to work off the excess skin. I looked great in clothes, but like shit naked.

I went to see a plastic surgeon. He gave me new breasts, more sensitive to touch because the skin was tighter, and with the implants put in through my belly button, so no scars, and a tummy tuck at the same time. I was literally transformed by that surgery. I finally felt like the real me, and wondered if it was the same experience as someone having a sex change operation. I walked, moved, and felt differently, and couldn't wait to see Keith.

It was like "wow" when he saw me, even thinner and with breasts, but I also sensed guilt and realized that he needed to end this. He always said that I deserved someone who could be with me, and that he couldn't leave his wife because of his son. It was painful, but at least I had my new body, my new life.



Opposite: "Savoring the sight of 20-year-old room service waiter Vinny, my youngest conquest, in a Manhattan hotel room."

Top: "Trevor has a great body and a sweet nature. When my GF asked him to take me in front of the window, he was slightly nervous about it, though, while I was hoping someone would see. lol."

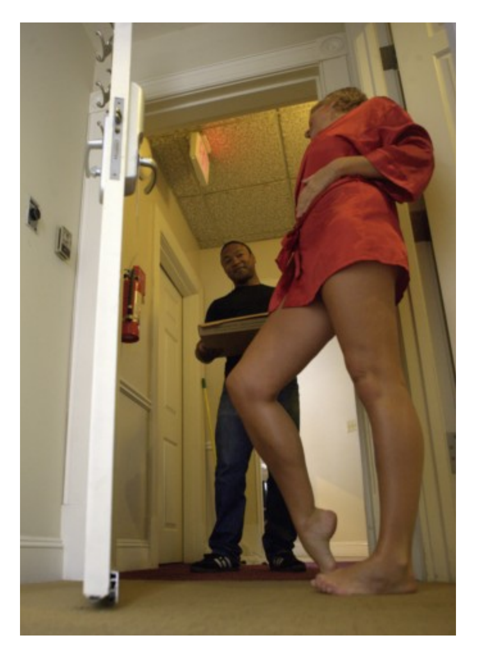
Right: "When I first met Juliet she was 69 and very full of life and sexuality. [...] She loves oral; her whole body seemed to move upward when talking about it. It struck me as funny to be discussing all this at a senior center — I love that kind of stuff, the unexpected."

Things happened almost like magic around this time, a string of events that snowballed into an unimaginably wonderful adventure filled with sex and an abundance of new friends. It started at the Chamber of Commerce Christmas party. I was wearing a slinky red dress; my body never looked so good. Nick, a young man who owns a huge international company, came over to my table and introduced himself. We drank and danced and closed the party down, then went back to his condo, where we stayed for four days, leaving only to drop 500 bucks on dildos.
During those four days we fucked in every possible position, watched porn, and played with our new toys. Spanking, role-play, bondage, everything was OK to say, think, and do. He made me lunches and dinners, and woke me up with coffee and pussy eating. I remember he wanted me to try a strap-on, and how timid I was about sticking it up his ass, something I laugh about today.
On the third day he got out his camera. It was a nice digital video that also took stills. I tied him up, attached a rope to his cock, looped it around his balls, and photographed it. I had shot nudes before, but this was much hotter; having a connection with him was what made the difference. I loved what I saw though the camera, and thought, "My god, what a great blend of my two passions!"
Later, we sat on his leather couch, mutually masturbating while watching the video on his big screen TV. What struck me, and him, was that I could hear the excitement in my voice as I was shooting. Nick said, "You should shoot erotica. Forget about the kid programs and concentrate on the dads—and moms." He went on to give me some advice on how I could go about it, and on top of that, make a lot of money.
When I discussed what Nick had outlined with my friend Tom, he said I should do it without crossing any lines, saying, "If you fuck them, fuck them after the shoot, so they aren't paying you to be a whore." I didn't see it that way; I wanted to capture real interactive passion. If I just shot on the sidelines, as an observer, a voyeur, it would be boring. I had to feel it too, to put everything I'd recently learned about my sexuality into it. Nonetheless, to comfort my friend, I promised I wouldn't cross the line, knowing when I said it that I planned to leap right over it.
I started with a posting on Craigslist that read, "Erotic Photography by a woman photographer, singles or couples. Artistic, fun, and erotic photos by mature, open-minded woman in a large, spacious loft in Emeryville," with four photo samples. I took the photography very seriously from the beginning, because then as now I believed this was my art.
My first response came the same day the ad was posted, from a woman who wanted photos for her website. My second client was RJ, just three days after the woman. I spent the night before his session setting up scenes with my borrowed lights, nervous because I only had a film camera. But when he arrived and saw my setup he immediately got into the "artistic" venture of it all and willingly submitted to my direction. Tom's advice about not crossing the line was in my head, but I was soon having so much fun with RJ I leapt right over that line, had a great time, and was on a new kind of high from shots that were much better than what I'd done with the woman, and from the fun I'd just had.

"This party is not going to last forever, so I'm going to dance every dance, drink every drink, and have every young man..."

"The first half of my life, I'd been ignored and unwanted. In the second half, I wanted to make an impact."

As I got more responses to my posting, I got more professional, and quickly became busy shooting men, women, and couples too. They





Above: "I pulled my robe back and asked him if he wanted to share my pizza. Luckily he wanted more than that."

Right: "I think I said a few things that freaked him out, like it would be cool if his parents walked in . . . and he kind of froze . . . lol."

"I paid for my red Porsche fully in cash: all $15,000 raised from friends in 100s and 20s that I stuffed into an Astroglide box. lol."

were all ages, and had all kinds of reasons for wanting erotic photos taken. I got the idea of making women available, to create complete sexual fantasies for my clients. This turned out to be a pain, as the women were never reliable, not devoted to the art, like I was, and I soon realized I was the only model I could count on.
When I first got to LA I took the city as a literal playground. Parties, swinger and otherwise, began almost the day I arrived. I had a lot of clients instantly, including my naked handyman, who mounted my sex swing to the 16-foot ceiling, and installed the LCD projector that played a live feed of whatever sex act I was videotaping onto the wall. One time I left my porn playing on the wall while I went down to the bar—a bar I would be later banned from—and came back to find the neighbors standing staring from their windows into mine at videos of me having sex.
Since my rent was not cheap, I decided I should leave my loft, and the constant partying. It's been a year now, and my life is still nomadic. I have my swing, my beautiful teak bed, and all my other toys in storage, while I keep traveling. I want a new permanent place at some point, but I keep putting it off, and living this gypsy motel life, from the humble Motel 6 to New York's Waldorf Towers. I've even slept in my little Porsche convertible a couple times, when I was too late to book something. I don't mind it, any of it, as I've never been one for routine. I like the highs and lows, and feel a predictable life is a boring life.
One of my unpredictable pleasures is a website for cougars I discovered this year. I love men of all ages, but with young men so interested in older, adventuresome women like me right now I can't resist indulging my fantasies for cubs. They're so eager, and often so innocent, and so eager not to appear innocent, I just love it!
While keeping my paying clients I began shooting young guys from this site just for fun in late 2009, and have now been invited all over the world by its young members, going to places I never expected to visit, just to meet guys for sex. I know some women find that hard to understand, but maybe they didn't find themselves feeling invisible at 40, waiting to be reborn. Or maybe sex just doesn't mean the same thing to them as it does to me. I'm so addicted to lust I go through withdrawal when I go without, and I've been with enough men who tell me I'm not like other women that I've come to accept it as truth. Well, fuck it; carpe diem is my motto. I know this party is not going to last forever, so I'm going to dance every dance, drink every drink, and have every young man—and the occasional woman—who smiles back at me. I am no longer invisible, and I feel like this life is my reward for following my instinct, and not being afraid to take a chance.
Not a day goes by that I don't realize just how lucky I am.

82% of single women over 45 have no regular sex partner
78% have had no sex in the last six months
24% could be happy never having sex again
2% date specifically to fulfill sexual needs

—American Association of Retired Persons

And then there's Liz Earls...



ADULTS ONLY!

Days of the Cougar
The Outrageous Visual Diary of Sexual Adventurer Liz Earls
Dian Hanson (Ed.)
Hardcover, format: 22.3 x 16.5 cm (8.8 x 6.5 in.), 320 pp.
€ 29.99 / $ 39.99 / £ 24.99



ADULTS ONLY!

The Big Penis Book 3D
Dian Hanson

Hardcover with 3D glasses,
format: 28 x 28 cm (11 x 11 in.), 220 pp.
€ 29.99 / $ 39.99 / £ 24.99

"It's just like the real thing."
—*10 Magazine*, London

How David Abbott of Abbott Mead Vickers writes his advertising

I write with an Artline 200 Fine 0.4 Pentel — blue ink, never black. I generally work on A3 layout pads but will sometimes switch to an A4. Definitely low tech stuff. I write with my office door open — more often than not I keep my jacket on and in defiance of my mother's instructions, my feet are usually on the table. Whatever the size of the layout pad, I write body copy in column widths. This habit goes back to my days on the VW account in the Sixties. I knew how many words to the line were needed and how many lines to the ad. Writing in columns made it easier to get the word count right. Alongside the column I jot down thoughts or phrases that come to mind before I need them. They stay there in the sidings until there's a place for them. I also write down in the margins all the clichés and purple bits that clutter my head. I find that only by writing them down do I exorcise them. If I simply try to forget them they keep coming back like spots on a teenage chin.



I rarely plan the shape of a piece of copy. By the time I come to write, the structure of the argument is somehow in my brain. I spend a lot of time fact-finding and I don't start writing until I have too much to say. I don't believe you can write fluent copy if you have to interrupt yourself with research. Dig first, then write.

Like many other copywriters, I read my copy out aloud as I write. It helps me check the rhythm of the line and ultimately the flow of the whole piece. I often adopt the appropriate accent or tone, though my general "reading-copy" voice is laughably mid-Atlantic (I read silently if there are other people in the room).

I am a fast writer and in a sense I am not interested in words. I don't own a Thesaurus, I don't do cross-words and my dictionary has pictures in it. Words, for me, are the servants of the argument and on the whole I like them to be plain, simple and familiar. I believe that I'm paid to be an advocate and though I get pleasure from the *bon mot*, the bon motivater thrills me more. Word-play is fine if it helps the cause but I use it sparingly, or not at all. This wasn't always the case; I used to pun for England.

If I think there's an ad in there somewhere, I nag at it until it comes out. I'm often surprised how quickly time passes when I'm doing this. I look up and discover that I've been fiddling with the words for three hours.

Agency life rarely allows for this level of concentration so I also write copy at home, late at night, or I'll book a hotel room and work from there. (This piece, for example, is being written at the kitchen table.) I couldn't work in an open-plan creative department, but I'm sure there are brilliant copywriters who do. Great copy has been written in cafés, on trains, on beaches, on planes, in cars — even occasionally at a desk. How you do it is less important than what you do.

Above: AMV Agency ad for Chivas Regal, 1979
Bottom: AMV Agency ad for Volvo, 1982



I've never been much of a theoriser about copywriting, but here are five things that I think are more or less true:

1. Put yourself into your work. Use your life to animate your copy. If something moves you, chances are, it will touch someone else, too.
2. Think visually. Ask someone to describe a spiral staircase and they'll use their hands as well as words. Sometimes the best copy is no copy.
3. If you believe that facts persuade (as I do), you'd better learn how to write a list so that it doesn't read like a list.
4 . Confession is good for the soul and for copy, too. Bill Bernbach used to say "a small admission gains a large acceptance". I still think he was right.
5. Don't be boring.

Words that sell

The superstars and leading professionals in the business of writing ads

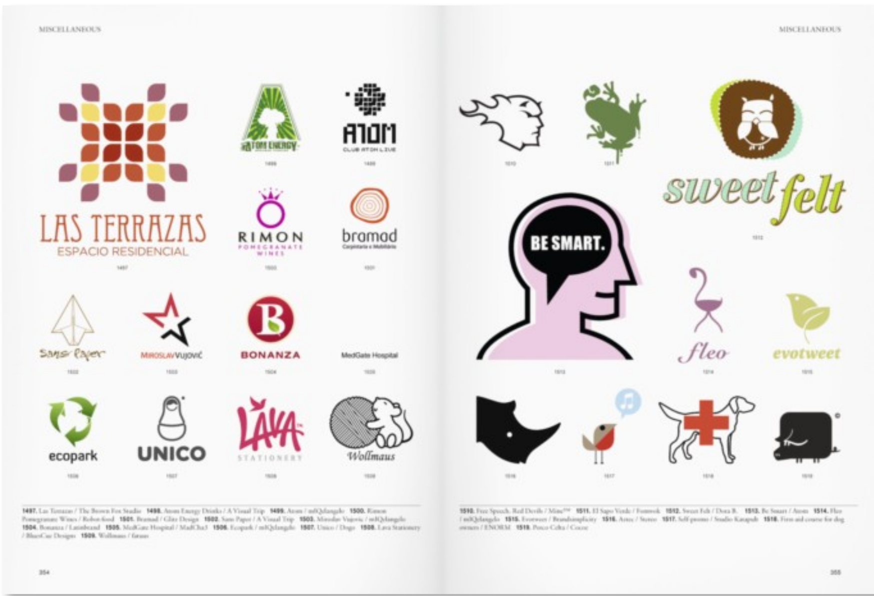


In 1995, the D&AD published a book on the art of writing for advertising. Though now outdated, the best-selling book remains an important reference work today—a bible for creative directors. D&AD and TASCHEN have joined forces to bring you an updated and redesigned edition of the publication, including works from the last 15 years. Regarded as the most challenging field in advertising, copywriting is usually left to the most talented professionals—often agency leaders or owners themselves. The book features the work of nearly 50 leading professionals in the world, including copywriting superstars such as David Abbott, Lionel Hunt, Steve Hayden, John Hunt, Neil French, Mike Lescarbeau, Adrian Holmes, and Barbara Nokes. Looking for the clues to well-written, effective, and compelling stories that make great advertising? Look no further.

The Copy Book
D&AD
Hardcover, format: 25 x 31.7 cm
(9.8 x 12.5 in.), 368 pp.
€ 39.99 / $ 59.99 / £ 34.99




LOGORAMA: INTERVIEW WITH OSCAR WINNER LUDOVIC HOUPLAIN





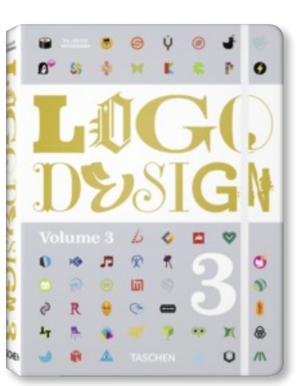
What's your sign?

Diverse logos from around the world

Anyone who's interested in design will appreciate this diverse compendium of visual ideas, and creative professionals will covet TASCHEN's *Logo Design* books. As scientist Linus Pauling once said, "In order to come up with one good idea, you must have lots of ideas." The features in Volume 3 include: an interview with H5, the makers of 2010 Oscar winner *Logorama*, Neville Brody's Research Studios on the redesign of Music for Youth, Sasha Vidakovic on the new identity for Victoria Beckham, leading Canadian design studio Concrete on the launch of SUPER cosmetics, British studio KentLyons on the Jarman film award, HB Design from Argentina on the country's 200th anniversary logo, and Helmut Langer on universal identities.

> "An excellent visual reference, and its case studies show how some of the world's most popular brands have been developed by expert brand managers, marketing professionals and designers."
> —*Curve*, Sydney

Logo Design Vol. 3
Julius Wiedemann (Ed.)
Hardbound with elastic ribbon, format: 16.8 x 22.6 cm (6.6 x 8.9 in.), 384 pp.
€ 29.99 / $ 39.99 / £ 24.99



Also available: Logo Design, Vol. 1 and 2


Designed by Sylvester Stallone
CHAOS
Montegrappa
ITALIA


Montegrappa
ITALIA
Montegrappa
www.montegrappa.com



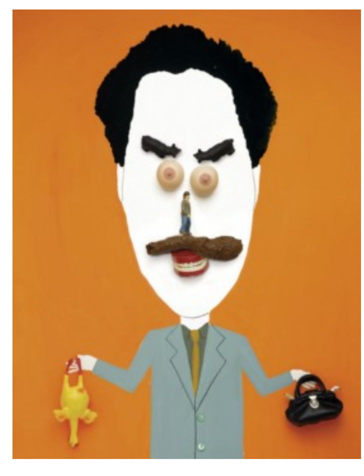
The art of likeness

The spectrum of today's portraiture, from caricature to realism





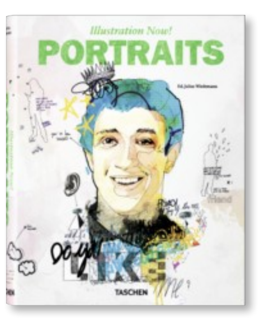
In illustration, the most challenging and captivating subject is the portrait. This book gathers together the innovative portrait work of more than 80 illustrators from all around the world.



"This is a multicultural selection, and hence a book of very beautiful, diverse signatures."

—*Design Week*, London





Top left: Bob Dylan, by Dominic Philibert, 2008, personal work.

Top right: Sacha Baron Cohen as Borat, by Hanoch Piven, 2007, The Village Voice, newspaper article.

Left: Tina, by Stina Persson, 2010, Gallery Hanahou, New York, show "Perfectly Flawed".

Illustration Now! Portraits
Julius Wiedemann (Ed.)
Flexicover with flaps, format: 19.6 x 24.9 cm (7.7 x 9.8 in.), 416 pp.
€ 29.99 / $ 39.99 / £ 24.99

Also available:
Illustration Now! Vol. 2 and 3

ALL THE WRIGHT STUFF

The definitive publication on America's greatest architect

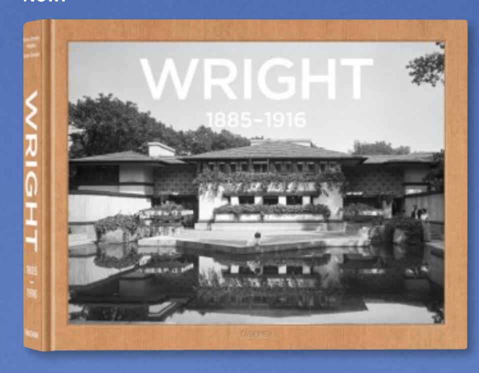


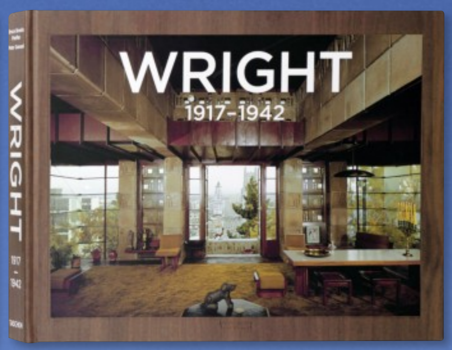
Frank Lloyd Wright is widely considered to be the greatest American architect of all time; indeed, his work virtually ushered in the modern era and remains highly influential today. His wide-ranging and paradigm-shifting oeuvre is the subject of TASCHEN's three-volume monograph that covers all of his designs (numbering approximately 1100), both realized and unrealized.

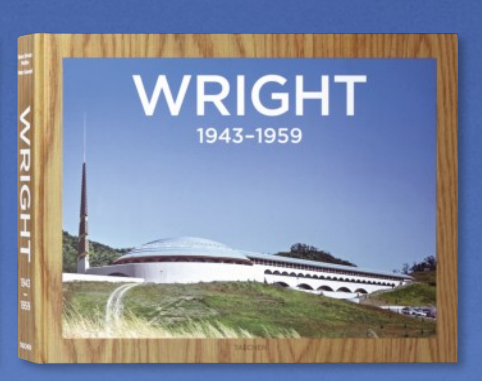
Taliesin West, Frank Lloyd Wright's winter home and school in Scottsdale, Arizona. Entrance with light tower and fountain.
Today Taliesin West is the main campus of the Frank Lloyd Wright School of Architecture and houses the Frank Lloyd Wright Foundation.
Photo: Ezra Stoller, 1951.

New!

Also available:







Frank Lloyd Wright
Complete Works, Vol. 1, 1885–1916
Bruce Brooks Pfeiffer, Peter Gössel (Ed.)
Hardcover, format: 40 x 31 cm
(15.7 x 12.2 in.), 528 pp.
€ 150 / $ 200 / £ 135



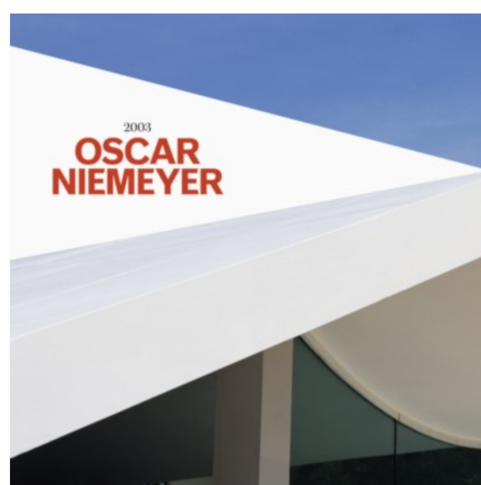
"... an essential piece of the puzzle to understanding the man behind some of the world's most influential and innovative designs."

—*The Specifier*, Sydney

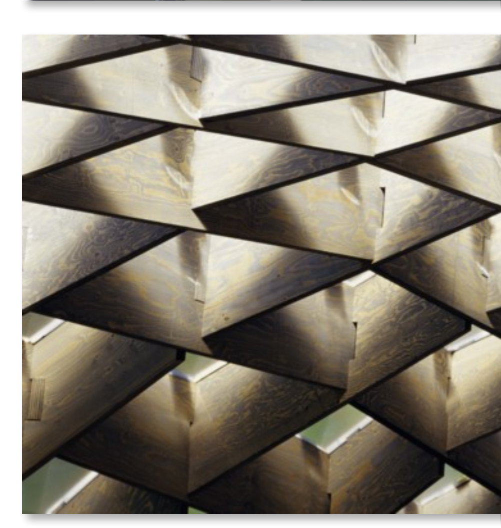

2000
ZAHA
HADID


2001
DANIEL
LIBESKIND


2002
TOYO
ITO

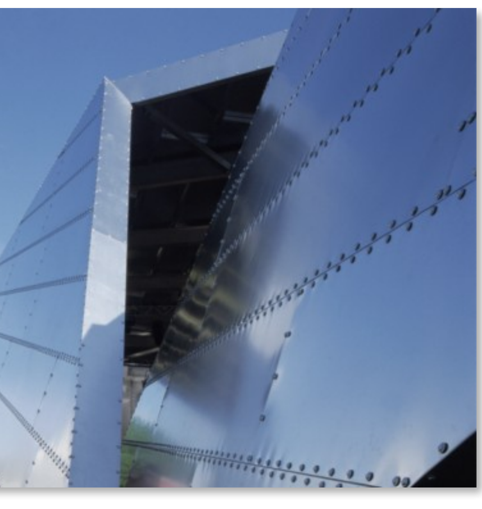

2003
OSCAR
NIEMEYER

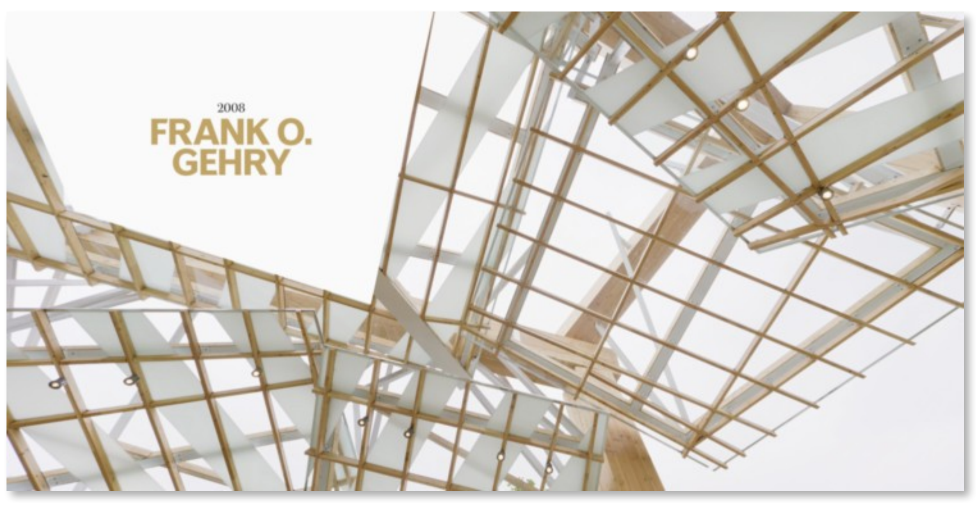

2004
MVRDV




2006
REM KOOLHAAS &
CECIL BALMOND


2007
OLAFUR
ELIASSON
& KJETIL
THORSEN



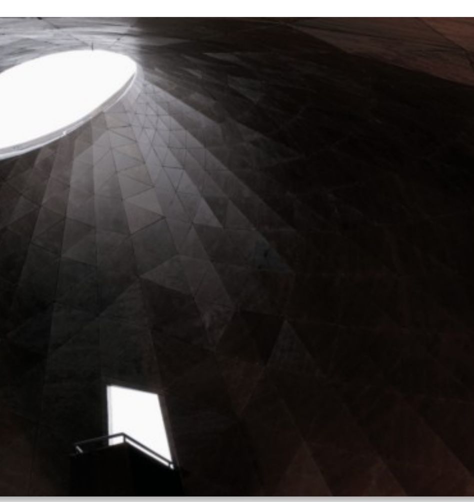












Since 2000, the Serpentine Gallery in London's Kensington Gardens has called on some of the world's top architects to design summer pavilions – temporary structures that are erected next to the Gallery itself for a three-month period.



Serpentine Gallery Pavilions
Philip Jodidio
Interview with Serpentine Director
Julia Peyton-Jones and Exhibitions
Director Hans-Ulrich Obrist
Hardcover, format: 30 x 30 cm
(11.8 x 11.8 in.), 356 pp.
€ 39.99 / $ 59.99 / £ 34.99


Come on in!
Tour of contemporary home decors around the world
New!
INTERIORS
NOW!
2
TASCHEN
Also available:
INTERIORS
NOW!
1
TASCHEN
Interiors Now! Vol. 2
Laszlo Taschen (Ed.)
Flexicover with flaps, format: 19.6 x 24.9 cm
(7.7 x 9.8 in.), 416 pp.
€ 29.99 / $ 39.99 / £ 24.99



“Inspirational in its richness and diversity of styles, this book is a glossy snoop around fabulous homes.”

—*Sunday Mail Scotland*, Glasgow

A summer house by Architect Marcio Kogan on the beach in Paraty, Brazil, accessible only by boat. It consists of two reinforced concrete boxes, one on top of the other, with a 27-metres (88.5 feet) span of glass windows and a stellar collection of Brazilian pop art and 20th-century design furniture.



THE MONOCLE SHOP

The Monocle Shop is open around the clock online, and at street level from Tokyo to Hong Kong and London to New York and Los Angeles. Our stores offer our ever-expanding selection of collaborations, including fragrances, luggage and clothes, plus CDs, posters and back-issues of Monocle magazine.

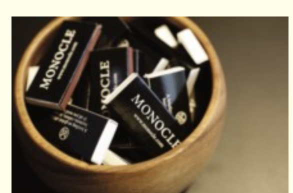
www.monocle.com

MONOCLE

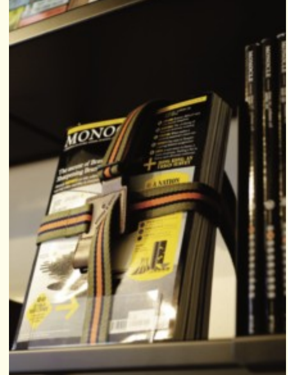
Keeping an eye on the world



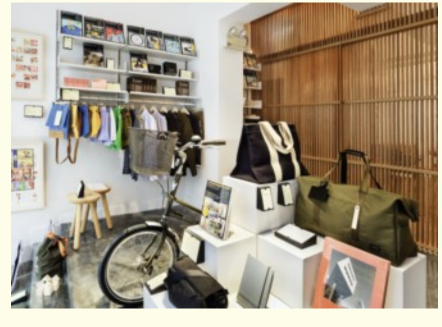


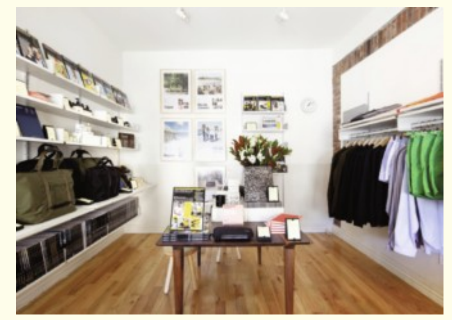












The Monocle Shops: Pay us a visit

You can find all of our products in these shops around the world and online at *monocle.com*

London



Los Angeles



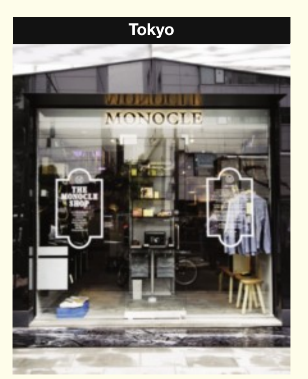
Hong Kong



New York



Tokyo



London
Our little shop in Marylebone stocks our Porter bags, back issues and a selection of products, from stationery and cosy knitwear to CDs. Just 9 sq m, it's the ideal place for gift shopping or a bit of personal indulgence.

2A George Street, Marylebone, London W1
+ 44 20 7486 8770
shop@monocle.com
Mon – Sat 11.00-19.00
Sun 12.00-17.00

Los Angeles
The second shop in our stable sells the full range of Monocle products and all the issues of the magazine. It's just like our London store – only sunnier.

225 26th Street, Shop 19b
Santa Monica, CA 90402
+ 1 310 395 4180
lashop@monocle.com
Mon – Sat 10.00-18.00
Sun 12.00-17.00

Hong Kong
Our Hong Kong shop and bureau is the first of a new hybrid retail/news gathering concept for Monocle.

Star Street precinct, Shop 1 U/G, Bo Fung Mansion, 1-4 St Francis Yard, Wanchai
+ 852 2804 2323
hkshop@monocle.com
Mon – Fri 11.00-19.00
Sat 12.00-20.00
Sun 12.00-18.00

New York
Our West Village store opened last summer. It's a cosy 17 sq m and stocks the full range of Monocle products.

535 Hudson Street (at Charles Street)
New York City
+ 1 212 229 1120
nyshop@monocle.com
Mon – Sat 11.00-19.00
Sun 12.00-18.00

Tokyo
Monocle's Tokyo shop is located in the new Francfranc department store in Aoyama, just a stone's throw from Omotesando Hills.

Aoyama Francfranc, 3-11-13 Minami Aoyama, Minato-ku, Tokyo 107-0062
+ 81 3 5474 8820
tokyoshop@monocle.com
Mon – Sun
11.00-22.00

Nature's greatest resource

Modern wood architecture from Tierra del Fuego to North Cape

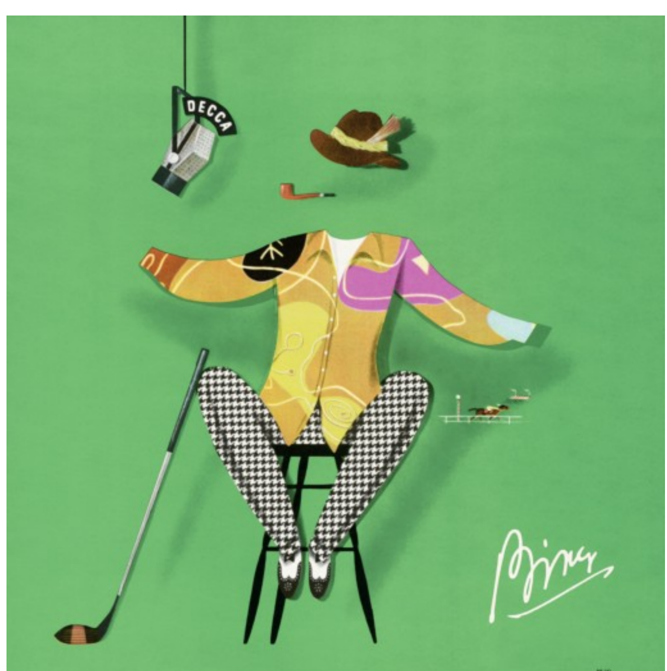
"This tome explores some of the amazing ways architects are taking a new, sustainable approach."
—*Wired*, London



Architecture Now! Houses 2
+ Wood Architecture Now!
Philip Jodidio
Flexicover with flaps, format:
19.6 x 24.9 cm (7.7 x 9.8 in.), 416 pp.
each € 29.99 / $ 39.99 / £ 24.99

Freya's Cabin is an allegorical visitors' shelter by Studio Weave built with CNC-cut plywood layers pressed together, that overlooks Kielder Water (Northumberland, UK), northern Europe's largest man-made lake.







Music for the eyes

Cover art sells albums: Alex Steinweiss, inventor of the album cover



Alex Steinweiss invented the album cover as we know it, and created a new graphic art form. His covers for Columbia—combining bold typography with modern, elegant illustrations—took the industry by storm and revolutionized the way records were sold.

> "'Columbia Masterworks' was the name of the label that Steinweiss designed for numerous covers. And such is this book, a masterwork."
>
> —*Jazzpodium*, Berlin

Cover art by Alex Steinweiss, left top to bottom:
- Sergei Rachmaninoff's *Symphony Nº 2*. The Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of New York conducted by Artur Rodzinski, 1945.
- Bing Crosby's album *Bing*, 1958.
- Cole Porter's record *Music of Cole Porter*. André Kostelanetz and his orchestra, 1948.



Alex Steinweiss
The Inventor of the Modern Album Cover
Kevin Reagan, Steven Heller
Hardcover, format: 34 x 28.3 cm (13.4 x 11.1 in.), 420 pp.
only € 49.99 / $ 69.99 / £ 44.99



1



2

Menu Design ***is an omnibus showcasing the best examples of this graphic art***

À la carte

Appetite for art: over one hundred years of menu graphics



3



6



Menu

DINNER: $1.50

From 6 to 9 o'clock P. M.

25 Cents extra for each Dinner taken without Wine

26th St. & Broadway — Tuesday, October 13, 1903

Blue Point Oysters

HORS-D'ŒUVRE

Olives — Saucisson — Radishes

Cœurs d'Artichauts Robespierre

POTAGES

Choice { Cream of Celery / Consommé Sévigné

POISSONS

Choice { Casserolette of Scollops à la Newburg / Cold Lobster à la Châtillon

ENTREES

Choice { Leg of Lamb Dauphinoise / Timbale of Grouse Saint-Hubert

LEGUMES

Choice { Stuffed Lettuce au jus / Spaghetti à l'Italienne

ROTIS

Choice { Roast Beef — Broiled Chicken / Truffled Pâté of Game à la gelée

Salad in Season

ENTREMETS

Choice { Profiterole au Chocolat — Croquets aux Raisins / Gaufrettes Vanillées — Glace à l'Abricot

Cheese — Dessert: Assorted Fruits.

Coffee, ½ tasse, 10 c. — Special Coffee, 25 c.

Café frappé au Kirsch, 25 c.

Martin Cup (½ Champagne, ½ Claret) . . $2.50

Something New! Green Curaçao dry frappé, 25c.

(From Curaçao, Dutch West Indies.)

Ask for the Key of the Cellar

Patrons will confer a favor by reporting to the management any incivility from the waiter or any inattention in the service.

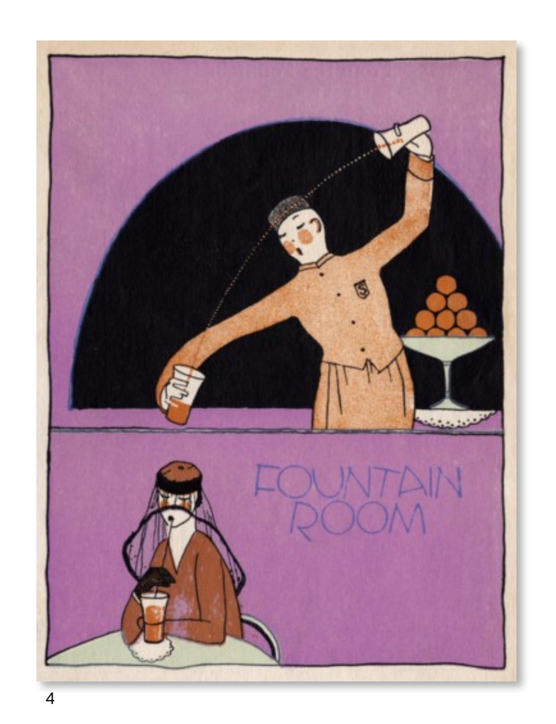
7



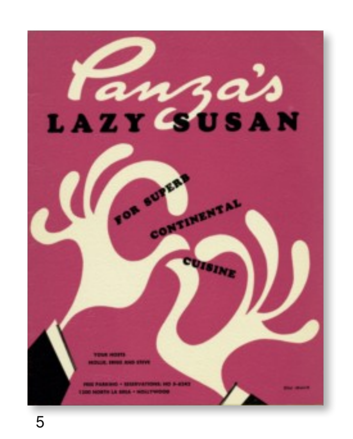
10



11



4



5

With nearly a 800 examples of restaurant menus, illustrated in vibrant color, this deluxe volume not only highlights this extraordinary collection of paper ephemera but serves as a history of dining out in America. Period photographs of restaurants round out this compendium that will appeal to anyone who enjoys dining out and its graphic and gastronomic history.



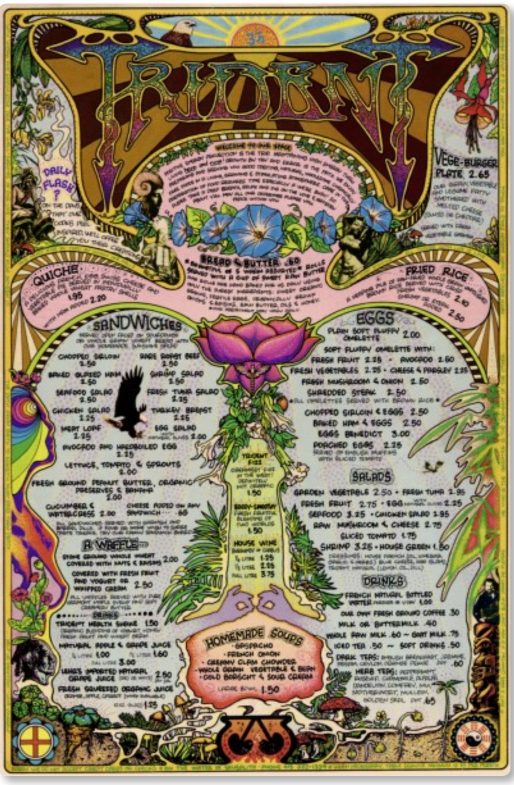






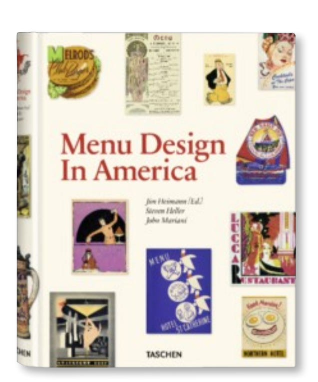
9

Cultural anthropologist and graphic design historian Jim Heimann is author of numerous books on architecture, pop culture, and the history of the West Coast, Los Angeles, and Hollywood. His unrivaled private collection of ephemera has been featured in museum exhibitions around the world.



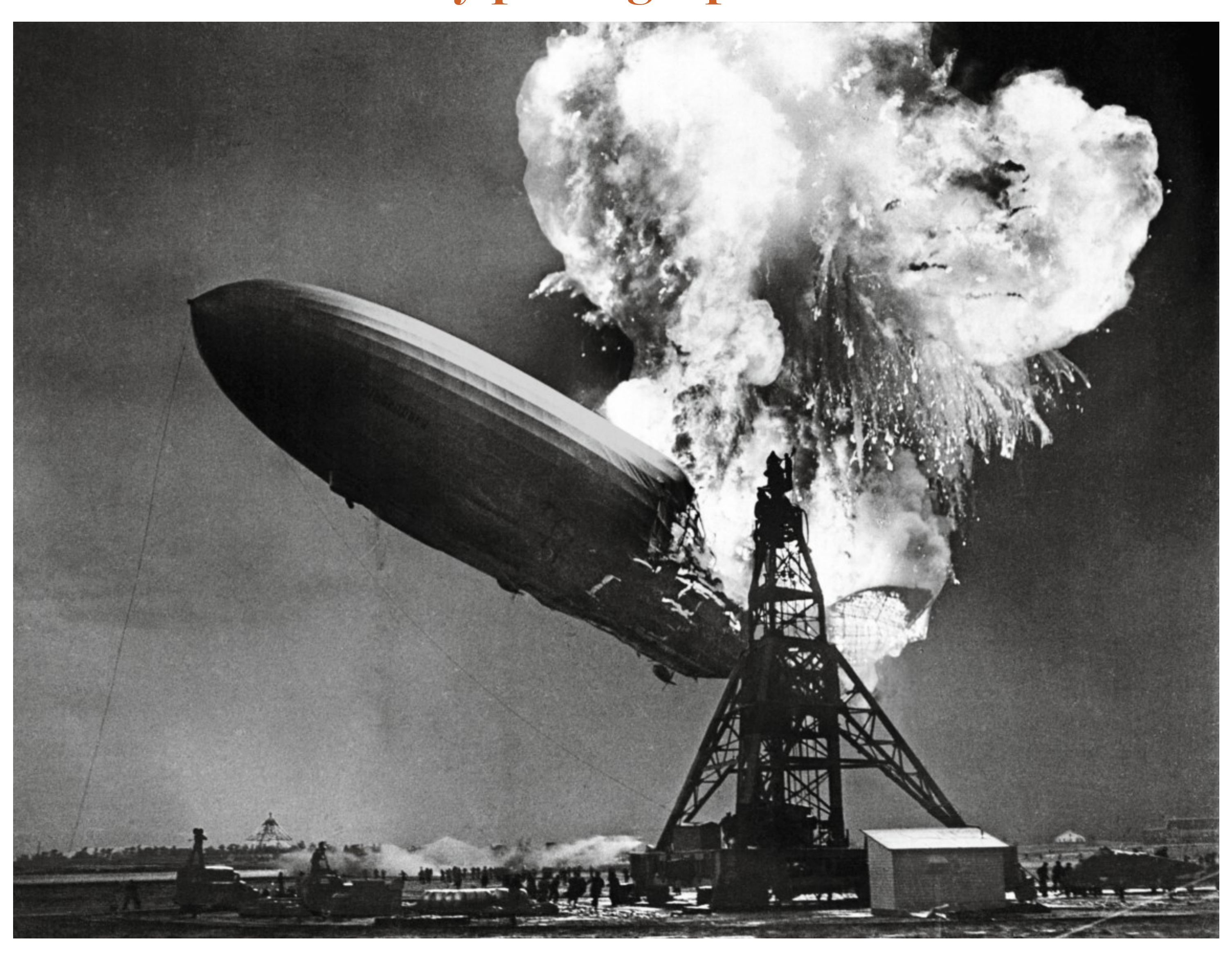
8

Opposite from top left:
1. A novel train menu for children. c. 1948.
2. Artist Frank McIntosh illustrated numerous menu covers for Hawaii bound ships. c. 1947.
3. Sophisticated graphics accompany the menu for its restaurant atop Rockefeller Center. c. 1938.
4. Smart Art Deco graphics echo a French design influence, The Fountain Room. c. 1930.
5. Animated hands and an abstract composition are pure 1950's design. Panza's Lazy Susan, c. 1956.
6. Cartoon characters add a whimsical note to a ship menu, c. 1933.
7. An Alphonse Mucha illustration commands the visuals of this art nouveau inspired menu, c. 1910.
8. The Trident restaurant near San Francisco exploited the best of the psychedelic era, c. 1968.
9. A die cut crab welcomes customers to a seafood restaurant, c. 1952.
10. Opened in 1959 in the Mies van der Rohe–designed Seagram Building, the Four Seasons was revolutionary in its own international-style design by young architect Philip Johnson
11. Hollywood nightlife is apparent on the cover for Hollywood's Mocambo nightclub, c. 1944.



Menu Design in America, 1850–1985
Jim Heimann (Ed.), Steven Heller, John Mariani
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The stories behind some of history's most extraordinary photographs



A legend in flames

It was the end of a dream. The pride of the German Zeppelin fleet was not the only thing that went up in flames on 6 May 1937.

The idea of the Zeppelin as a whole was cast into question. Not least because there were shocking pictures. Photos that contrasted the proud vision of flying in comfort with pure apocalypse. Undoubtedly the most spectacular picture was captured by the American reporter Sam Shere. His shot of the end of the LZ 129 *Hindenburg* also represents an early example of disaster reporting immediately after the event.

To be able to fly is one of humankind's age-old fantasies. To become light. Weightless. To possess the capacity to take off from the ground and leave this "Vale of Sorrows" far below. As long ago as Greek antiquity, the dream of flying was lent wings in the shape of Daedalus and Icarus. When Icarus flew too close to the sun, the heat melted the wax of his home-made wings and he plummeted to earth. Since then, falling out of the sky has been an inalienable part of the vision. For if flying remains the dream, crashing remains the ultimate nightmare. It is no coincidence that air travel disasters draw the attention of humankind and its media more than any other civil catastrophe. Which may be connected with the fact that the height of the fall from such a shattered fantasy is—quite literally—so great and so conspicuous. From Albrecht Berblinger, the legendary "flying tailor of Ulm", to the crew of the *American Challenger* space shuttle that exploded in the stratosphere, failed flights are part of the global inventory of tragedies that are narrated, described and discussed again and again. They haunt our thoughts. Mobilize our imagination. Pursue us deep into the night. Why? Because vision and failure, flight and fall are nowhere more dramatically held up to the light than in aviation.

Luxury and propaganda

Lakehurst, USA, 6 May 1937. It is late afternoon and the weather anything but clement. A heavy downpour at 6 o'clock had already made it impossible for the airship LZ 129 *Hindenburg* to land first time. But now it was clearing up, the wind had dropped and the barometer was rising. A crowd of people were gathered at the landing site. Marines and civilian helpers, newspaper reporters and radio journalists, including the young, later legendary Herbert Morrison, a journalist working for the WLS radio station in Chicago. Just to remind ourselves: in 1937, the era of mass air travel remained a long way off. Transatlantic flights were still a major event. And so the arrival of an airship such as the *Hindenburg* attracted plenty of media coverage. "Well, here it comes, ladies and gentlemen," Morrison began his radio report. "And what a great sight it is, a thrilling one, just a marvellous sight. It's coming down out of the sky, pointed directly towards us and towards the mooring mast. The mighty diesel motors just roared, the propellers biting into the air and throwing it back into a gale-like whirlpool. No wonder this great floating palace can travel through the air at such a speed, with these powerful motors behind it. Now and then the propellers are caught in the rays of sun, their highly polished surfaces

reflect. The sun is striking the windows of the observation deck on the eastward side and sparkling like glittering jewels on the background of black velvet."

There was something that Morrison overlooked. Or did he simply think it insufficiently important to be worth mentioning? The *Hindenburg*'s tailfins were painted with huge swastikas that were impossible to miss. The airship was of course first and foremost a magnificent feat of engineering. But it was also the instrument of a well-oiled propaganda machine. Spreading propaganda for Germany. And propaganda for the megalomania of a system that, two and a half years later, would declare war on the rest of the world. The National Socialists seized upon Count Zeppelin's invention at an early stage. It was they who made the construction of the *Hindenburg* financially possible and, following its baptism in 1936, used it for overtly political purposes. As soon as it was commissioned, the *Hindenburg* was used to drop leaflets over Germany's major cities. During the 1936 Olympic Games, the *Hindenburg* floated impressively in the skies over Berlin. Nor was the largest airship ever built absent from the party congress in Nuremberg. The LZ 129 was indeed the biggest airship of all time and the pride of the German Zeppelin Transport Company. With a length of 245 metres (804 feet), the *Hindenburg* was no less than twice as long as the very first airship commissioned in 1900. The cigar-shaped body had a diameter of 41.2 metres (135 feet) and a tare weight of no less than 118 tons. The *Hindenburg* was powered by four specially developed Daimler-Benz diesel engines with a capacity of 1000 hp each. The airship was able to achieve a maximum speed of 125 km/h (76 mph) and had a range of 1000 miles (16,000 kilometres). It held compartments and tanks for 11 tons of post, freight and luggage, 88,000 litres (19,350 gallons) of diesel and 40,000 litres (8,800 gallons) of water.

The superlative reputation of the Hindenburg went before it, even if its standards of luxury could not match those of classic transatlantic steamers. The two passenger decks integrated at the rear of the ship nevertheless offered a considerable degree of comfort. There were showers, a bar and a smoking saloon. Music-lovers were entertained by a Blüthner grand piano, and the dining menus with their accompanying fine wines must similarly have helped the trip across the Atlantic, which on average took 60 hours, pass pleasantly. On that 6 May 1937, 97 people were on board the Hindenburg. The list of passengers included, amongst others, a tea merchant, a photographer, two stockbrokers, an arms manufacturer, a sales agent, several members of the military, an acrobat and an heiress. Shortly after 7 pm, and despite a light drizzle, the decision was taken to land. People waved from the promenade deck as, in the landing area below, 231 members of ground staff were busy fastening the mooring ropes and pulling the airship towards the mooring mast. Helmut Lau would be the first to hear it: a muffled hissing, like the burner of a gas stove being turned on. Fire, an explosion. A moment later the stern of the LZ 129 *Hindenburg* burst into flames. An inferno that would ultimately claim the lives of 36 people. Looking back, it is a miracle that anyone at all survived the crash. But what triggered the catastrophe? Scientists continue to argue over its cause even today. A faulty hydrogen tank, say some. The problematic chemical composition of the coating on the outer skin, say others. One thing is for certain: the *Hindenburg* catastrophe is one of the legendary disasters of the 20th century, comparable with the sinking of the Titanic. Whereby in contrast to the loss of the Titanic far out at sea, the end of the Hindenburg is well documented in reports and images. For one thing, there was Herb Morrison's dramatic radio broadcast. And for another, there were the photographs by Sam Shere, who captured the decisive moments as the airship was engulfed by fire. No less than 30 journalists, including 22 cameramen, watched the *Hindenburg* disaster unfold. But it would be the images by Sam Shere, who was working for the Keystone agency, that travelled around the world in the days that followed and which continue to shape our mental picture of the disaster even now. A specially chartered plane flew the material straight to Europe, where Shere's pictures appeared on the front covers of French newspapers on 12 May. From the point of view of media history, this was the start of the coverage of disasters as soon as possible after the event. With regards to the history of the Zeppelin, it meant the abandoning of plans for an international fleet of airships. The LZ 129 *Hindenburg* had completed 63 flights and 37 transatlantic crossings within just two years. Travelled more than 300,000 kilometres (186,500 miles) and thereby carried over 3,000 passengers. But Lakehurst spelled the end of all such high-flying projects. In hindsight, the explosion of the *Hindenburg* may also be interpreted as a warning to its political sponsors: almost eight years to the day after the Lakehurst disaster, the Second World War ended. And with it the apocalyptic megalomania of Nazi Germany.



Opposite: Sam Shere, *Lakehurst, New Jersey/USA*, 1937
Sam Shere: 1904 Born in White Russia. Emigrated to the USA, where he worked for the Hearst Corporation. War correspondent for *Life* during the Second World War. His later photography is primarily concerned with everyday life in America. Died in 1982.

Above: During the period between the two wars, there was barely an industrial photographer who failed to make his own contribution to the wealth of Zeppelin iconography. Here Dr Paul Wolff: *The airships Hindenburg and Graf Zeppelin at Friedrichshafen* in *Modern Photography* 1937/38.

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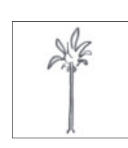
Your day was (*only choose one*)
( ) power. ( ) pondering. ( ) powder.

YOU BEST FALL ASLEEP
a) when you feel the need.
b) after covering your feet.
c) in a beat.
d) while you digest a big piece of meat.
e) under the influence of a seed.
f) in bed.
g) after doing the deed.
h) knowing you will lead.
i) by the third page of a lousy read.
j) when you are guarded by the sheep.

You are drawn to:


A ( )


B ( )


C ( )


D ( )

IF YOU PICKED
A, prepare it then go at it.
B, make a surprise – or wait for one.
C, don't give in and don't start over.
D, you should be fine.

There is something that would shock
your closest friends if they found out.
( ) Yes ( ) No

Who is brilliant
and does not have a clue? ______________________

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Peggy Guggenheim, center standing, in her drawing room during one of her cocktail parties, early 1960s.

















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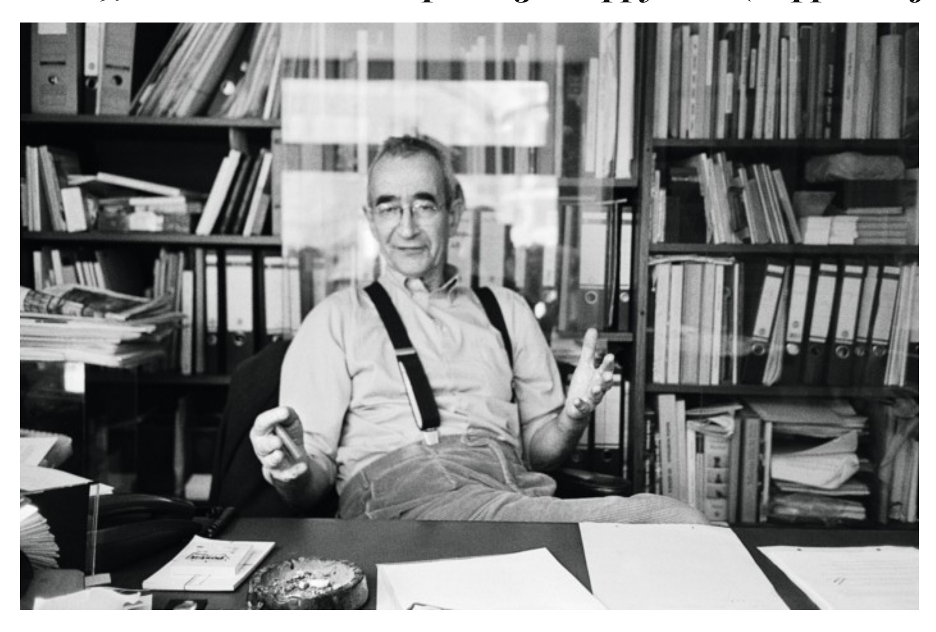


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The last of the Mohicans: The world's most imperishable booksellers, part 2

Nomen est omen: Walther König, king of the art-booksellers

In a candid conversation with Benedikt Taschen, Cologne-based legend of the art and book worlds reveals what makes him run (3 miles of shelves full of art books), gets him upset (disrespectful customers who scan bar codes), and how he ended up being a happy man (happiness found him).



Above: "Kippenberger was a permanent guest here." Walther König in his office in Cologne, April 2011. Photo: Benedikt Taschen.

BT: Neat little office you've got here! Who's that beside you, Mr. König, in *this* picture?
WK: It's [Martin] Kippenberger, it was the time he designed the window display. It's real funny, that picture – he's standing there, with his painter's smock and palette, just like you'd imagine an artist to be.... Kippenberger was a permanent guest here; he always arrived around 4 o'clock in the afternoon, sat himself down at the table and held court, served the customers.
BT: And uncorked the bottle ...
WK: Yes, the trainees always had to fetch apple juice with gin from across the street, so you couldn't taste the alcohol. I miss Kippenberger a lot!
BT: He was such a generous man, too... with a really pleasant manner.
WK: Yes, but a lot of people were afraid of Kippenberger, because he always made dumb jokes, but he never really did that here in the bookstore, he was always very serious.

BT: Has anyone been in this morning with their iPhone and scanned books they're going to order from Amazon?
WK: Every day, it happens all the time.
BT: Do they do it in secret, or are they quite open about it?
WK: No, no one does it secretly any more, no one's embarrassed these days. In the past, people still had a bit of respect and would write down the ISBN in hiding. Today people use us like a public library. People write stuff down, photograph pages from books, scan them, without the slightest inhibition.
BT: What do you do with people like that?
WK: We don't do anything, we just get sour and have to bottle the sourness up inside. The business with prices is our biggest problem, in fact.

> "What would you say if Jeff Bezos walked into the store and wanted to buy himself a library of art books?"

Many publishers have now started massively undercutting us, their own customers. What's your policy on this – do you stick to your guns in your shops?
BT: You bet! I mean, we won't try and compete with our fellow retailers on price.
WK: What happens when Amazon sells your Eliasson *Encyclopedia*, for example?
BT: When it comes to our expensive books, as a rule they don't normally drop the price, but a book that might cost 50 dollars in a shop will cost maybe 33 dollars from Amazon, at least in countries that don't have a fixed price agreement.
WK: It doesn't affect booksellers who only stock books in German. But even though we're not a foreign language bookstore, more than half our titles still come from publishers outside Germany. Still, it's hard to argue against it.
BT: Exactly, and then you've got it at home two days later, and you don't even have to carry it!
WK: Think about it, though – at the end of the day it's going to mean your books aren't on public sale in bookstores anymore and you're only going to be able to sell them over the internet. The real bummer is the fact that we retail booksellers are used as a source of information but get no business. It's an insoluble problem, in fact. But I feel publishers ought to give it some thought all the same, because we are not only your customers but also your public. Picture this: in ten years' time you won't be able to physically pick up a third of your titles, let's say, before you actually order them.
BT: So would you say that the internet is increasing the variety of books, or do you think the opposite is true?
WK: I don't think the internet is leading to a greater range of books. It's simply another sales



Right: "That was when everything kicked off. It was the first art fair in the world." König in action at his stand at the Cologne art fair, 1972.

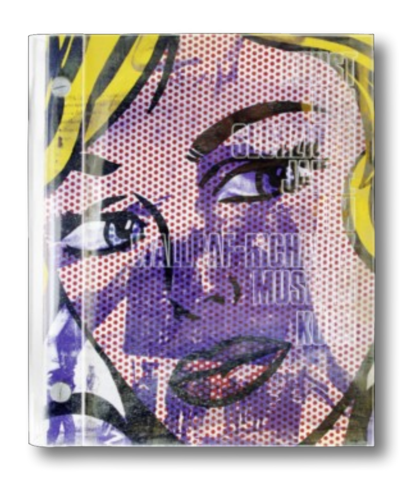
outlet. Amazon and the like have got their systems so perfect that nowadays a bookseller running a store needs to be pretty smart to be able to answer the very specific questions that customers ask. In its systems and service, Amazon can't be topped.
BT: And of course it's all usually done with the help of the publishing houses, because it's they who provide the information.
WK: Yes, that's right! But it will be the end of bookstores if we come to exist merely as exotic specimens, satisfying people who love books as luxury items, but no longer selling to the general public... It's quite simple: if we lose 20 to 25% of our turnover, we can shut up shop. We need 80%



Above: König window display following the death of Martin Kippenberger, 1997. Photo: Lothar Schnepf.

Below: The end of the post-war period, the beginning of a new era: *Art of the Sixties / Kunst der sechziger Jahre. Sammlung Ludwig im Wallraf-Richartz Museum in Köln, 1968.*

of our turnover to cover our costs. We essentially depend for our livelihood upon our customers in the public sector, in other words institutes and libraries, and of course upon a large



number of collectors, whom we service by mail order and who call in to the store two or three times a year if they can. But although we allow ourselves the luxury of a large premises and staff, if it turns out that these are underused and this is reflected in our turnover, we could always move to the outskirts...

BT: What would you say if [Amazon CEO] Jeff Bezos walked into the store and said: "Now I've made so much money, I'd finally like to buy me a library of art books?"

WK: Well, I'd discuss with him what he wanted and then I'd say to him: "Leave it with us, we'll treat you in a serious manner and we won't try and palm you off with anything we want to get rid of..." It's not such a hypothetical situation – now and again it happens for real. We've created several excellent libraries for customers, some of them very prominent figures, most recently for a New York collector. He said to us: "I'm interested in this and this, and I'd like a decent library of books about art of the twentieth century with a focus on that and that, and you've got two and a half months to come to New York and set it all up for me and create a classification system." We've already done that in the past.

BT: What sort of budget did you have?

WK: That was a budget of 200,000 or 250,000 Euros.

BT: Does that sort of thing happen often?

WK: Not often, but afterwards we give ourselves a pat on the back, not just because of the sums involved. It's the wonderful sort of job closest to a bookseller's heart.

BT: How often do people come into the shop, whether here in Cologne or in Berlin, who are truly new to the market, who are just beginning to collect books – do you still get that, or has it already died out?

WK: No, thank goodness, it still happens...

BT: I bought my very first books from you, too! They still have the prices on them, 68 Marks and so on; that was back in 1972, when I was a young lad with long black hair...

WK: [laughs] I can vaguely remember it. I must say, I don't want to compliment you...

BT: You're welcome to, please do!

WK: ...you've made a huge contribution. But you can remember how it was at the beginning: the established booksellers and publishers looked at your work as a newcomer with horror. Meantime you've not only become our biggest-selling supplier, but we've also greatly benefited from your publishing strategy, because of course through your museum outlets you've introduced

"It was the beginning of a new era. And Pop Art might have been made for publishing."

books to many people who couldn't even imagine that you actually *bought* art books. For many people art books equaled luxuries: you might give one as a Christmas present or for high-school graduation, but you didn't simply buy them for yourself...

BT: If you had to start over today, would it be with books again?

WK: Yes, no question!

BT: How old were you when you took the decision?

WK: I'm a late starter. I studied law first, but it wasn't for me. Then I set off across Germany and ended up in Cologne. I had made a list of seven or eight bookstores that I would consider joining as a trainee. My interview with the owner of the Bücherstube am Dom [a long-established bookstore beside Cologne cathedral], Hans Meier, lasted fifteen minutes, and then he said – it was just before Christmas – "you can start on January 2!" That was fantastic! But it was chance! I could just as well have landed up in Frankfurt or Munich. I've had a lot of good luck in my private and professional life, by which I mean circumstances that from my point of view were very fortunate but which I hadn't influenced, and that was one such occasion. Hans Meier was a passionate and dedicated bookseller and I still benefit from what he taught me. I have largely adopted his way of working, right up to today. On top of that, Cologne in those days was undergoing a period of upheaval. There was a long tradition of collectors here in the Rhineland, and at the Bücherstube I got to meet them all...

BT: Yes, there was a really big community of collectors, including very many lawyers, doctors and businessmen in Cologne and right across the Rhineland.

WK: Enormous! And I don't think that exists anywhere else in Germany in the same form as here.

BT: So when did Peter Ludwig approach you?

WK: That was my start, so to speak, and again it was luck. My boss died very suddenly in the summer of 1968, and after that I wanted to go to New York, to Wittenborn, the legendary art bookseller. I travelled to America and introduced myself, and he said yes, you can start. But then I didn't get the damn green card, so I made the decision to set up on my own. In February 1969 I opened the shop on Breite Strasse [in Cologne]. And at right the same time Ludwig held his legendary 'Art of the Sixties' exhibition in the Wallraf-Richartz-Museum, with Rauschenberg and all the Pop Art... It was accompanied by the catalogue *Art of the Sixties*, published in autumn 1968, a book the like of which had never existed in the history of the book trade.

BT: That was the book with the Plexiglas spine, not bound but held together by screws, wasn't it?

WK: An unusable book that you can't leaf through and you can barely open. It was

designed by Wolf Vostell and had pages that were printed on transparent sheets. The printer who produced it was the one Ludwig normally used for printing the packaging for chocolates.
BT: Ah, I did wonder; it was a complete mishmash of different sorts of paper.
WK: The plates are mounted on brown wrapping paper. The book was an object and everyone was in a sort of euphoria. There was an enthusiastic sense in Cologne of seeing the start of something new – it's impossible to imagine it now....
BT: Was that the end of the post-war period?
WK: Yes, absolutely, it was the beginning of a new era. And Pop Art might have been made for publishing; its images are perfect for making books out of.
Somehow I was introduced to Ludwig early on, and he asked me: 'König, wouldn't you like to distribute this book for me?' And that book opened doors for me. I began distributing the catalogue, even before our bookstore existed. From our own perspective, it's worth bearing in mind that the book sold 30,000 copies in five editions, I think it was. That's the same as selling 300,000 today. Plus it also took on a sort of social relevance. Because I think the notion of the coffee-table book dates from this period. Books you leaving lying around in a prominent position in the apartment when friends come to visit. Suddenly it became the done thing to have art books, too – and I don't mean that in a derogative sense. The catalogue was bought by people who weren't interested in art at all, but who wanted to be part of the scene. Many of them were testing the waters and found that looking at art was actually something they really enjoyed, and they became part of our regular clientele. Another development happening at the same time was Concept Art. For such artists, the book was the best possible medium through which to formulate their ideas and make them public. It was the time of the now legendary artist books by Lawrence Weiner, Sol LeWitt etc. These artist books still interest me very much and represent a major department within our bookstore. At Easter 1970 Joseph Kosuth designed a window display for us and in the summer of 1971 Gilbert & George presented *Side by Side* with us; this parallelism worked very well.

Right: Gilbert & George present *Side by Side*, their first artist book published by Walther König, Cologne 1971.

Below: From € 6,000 to € 58,000 in five years: Gerhard Richter's *War Cut*. Here the limited edition, with the front cover painted by the artist.



Although things weren't nearly as international in those days as they are now, of course. In the Bücherstube am Dom we had no English-language art books; everything still came either from Paris or Switzerland. We began trying to source books via contacts in America and England, which was complicated at first... I can

"I don't think anyone anticipated that art would be seen as such an investment."

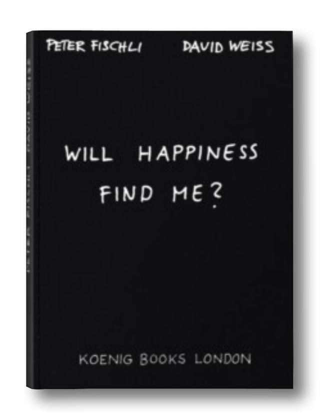
still remember the first book that came in from the Museum of Modern Art, a slim little catalogue on Magritte, really nicely done. But a lot of my colleagues thought it was total nonsense: "Those guys have got to be kidding, what's that supposed to be?" It was still so foreign, in other words; we hadn't caught up with the switch of focus from France to the US, if you see what I mean. The American Expressionists were still pretty exotic over here! The weekly *Wochenschau* round-up of the news would do a feature on contemporary art as something funny, along the lines of "my six-year-old can do that, too".
BT: And the photo here [points to Peggy Guggenheim's New York apartment; see pp. 68–69), is that what collector's homes looked like in the Sixties?
WK: Yes, although that was already pretty special even then ... Back here, of course, things were more middle-class, you didn't see any Calders, for example... But it was a little bit like that... There were a lot fewer people; it was a small circle. The people dressed more formally – it went without saying that you wore a suit and tie, at least to openings.
BT: How many people would come to a big opening?
WK: At the Ludwig exhibition in the [Wallraf-Richartz] museum in 1968, I can't remember how many people were there, but in the gallery shows it was a lot if 50 people turned up, so everyone knew each other... It was a staunch group of people.
BT: Could you have imagined that the art market would develop into what it is today?
WK: No, not back then, you would never have thought it.



BT: In the Seventies, the highest prices being paid for a work by a contemporary artist lay around – let's say – 50,000 Marks, which was an incredible amount of money in those days!
WK: What's risen like crazy today are not so much the ultra-classics, like the Impressionists – a Calder has perhaps become ten times as expensive as it was then. But the fact that back then you could buy a Richter picture for 500 Marks, and a Polke for 300 Marks, and they cost several million or so today, you would never have predicted that sort of thing, not at all!
BT: Do you think the artists were very surprised by it?
WK: Yes, I'm convinced of it. I don't think anyone anticipated that art would be seen as such an investment. We're actually very privileged in the book trade, as specialist booksellers, I mean, because basically we deal with people who have a serious interest in art and who study it closely. And of course there are opportunities in our own sphere, too, when it is also possible to hope that the things we buy will increase markedly in value within a couple of years. This speculative element plays a major role in the case of certain publications... Five years ago, for example, we did a book with Gerhard Richter, and it included a limited edition that cost 6,000 Euros, one of which has just been sold at auction for 58,000 Euros. So that happens, too, although of course it's the exception.

BT: What about the first Kunstmarkt Köln art fair [organized in 1967 and the original forerunner of today's ART COLOGNE], what did that trigger?
WK: That was when everything kicked off. It was the first art fair in the world – nothing like it had existed before. It was held in the Gürzenich [a 15th-century banqueting hall] and was a bit like a family gathering. Very modest booths, but with excellent things. The fair later switched venue to the Cologne Kunsthalle and was accompanied by a show organized by the gallery owners. It was all watched and monitored incredibly closely at the international level – and attended, too. [Gallery owners] Ileana Sonnabend and Leo Castelli came... and the international collectors and gallery owners, especially those from the US, were regular visitors to the bookstore, too; Ileana Sonnabend came to Cologne at least four times a year. America's legendary art dealers, like Sidney

Janis, were regularly here. Cologne was truly the center and the artists were happy to be here and told us: 'It's great
here with you guys, you can smoke a joint in the bar and no one says a thing!'
BT: Smoking is still allowed in your office, there's no smoking ban! [Walther König has been smoking since the start of the interview] So do you still find legends of the art world here in Cologne? Larry Gagosian, when was he last here?
WK: We know each other, but he hasn't been into to the store. If he'd started 20 years earlier, then definitely... Marian Goodman, she comes now and again, because she visits Gerhard Richter; Barbara Gladstone has just been because her artist Andro Wekula is exhibiting in Kassel. But we miss people like that a lot and it's also extremely negative for the business. When Simon de Pury comes, for example, and he used to come three times a year, he'd spend a couple of thousand Marks or Euros. They still order their books from us. But if we can just get them inside the store, they'll spend half an hour browsing...
BT: ...and scanning everything! [laughs]
WK: No, *they* buy!
BT: What do you think, Mr. König, ten years from now, what will the book trade look like if things continue to go the way they are now?
WK: Our bookstore will still be here in ten years, I'm sure of that, but it would be terrible if we turned into a sort of book-selling zoo, in other words if we were no longer selling books for actual use but only books for collectors – if we turned into a 'glamour store' with its own entry in the guide book: 'Go to Buchhandlung König, it's one of the last bookstores you can visit.'
BT: This interview series is actually called 'The last of the Mohicans'.
WK: Don't say that, I think it's a really lousy title, Mr. Taschen [both laugh]... it's just mean!
BT: Tell us, Mr. König, what is the most successful book you've ever published?
WK: *Will Happiness Find me?* The German edition (*Findet mich das Glück*) is the original.
BT: How many copies have you sold?
WK: Up to now? Over 200,000 – that's a sensational number for us.
BT: Not just for you, that's sensational by anyone's standards! What does it cost?
WK: 9.95 Euros.
BT: Great! What did you think when Fischli and Weiss first came along?
WK: We've done a lot of books with Fischli and



Weiss. I run the publishing side of the business on a pretty modest scale, working with just a few authors, and we concentrate on certain artists whose work I value and who I like personally. And one day Peter Fischli called me up and said 'We've got a new book, do you want to publish it?', and I said, 'Yes, of course.' 'But you don't know what it is!' So I said, 'We've done six or seven books together now, I'll stick by you – even if you come up with a mediocre book, we'll do that too.' And that was our bestseller! We started out so naively with 2,000 copies... And then I

"Will Happiness Find Me? A wonderful title... It looks like happiness has found you!"

printed another 2,000, then 3,000, 5,000 and only then did we start printing 10,000 and 20,000 copies. It's now been translated into Italian! In Venice we got a Golden Lion for the book and the installation. The Japanese edition came out in December and the English is already into its fifth edition. [laughs]
BT: Can you explain it?
WK: Yes, because it's simply wonderful!
BT: I agree with you! An instant classic!
WK: It's a must for every family, a book you never put back on the shelf, perfect for reading in the bathroom, perfect for every occasion. The questions are real pieces of worldly wisdom [...].
BT: *Will Happiness Find Me?* It's a wonderful title, too. And that brings us back to you: happiness has found you! Me, too, thank goodness: we are able to do exactly what we want and we even get paid for it!
WK: Something else that belongs absolutely to my sense of happiness is our good team... If I have a talent, I would say it is essentially that I am able to win the allegiance of hard-working colleagues who are absolutely loyal to us, and



most especially my son Franz, who, I am convinced, will lead the book store and publishing house successfully into the new era. And sometimes – once in a while – we do books we are totally proud of, and that also brings with it a sense of happiness, doesn't it? As does making books, period!

BT: Do you feel there are moments in life that, for a young person, can change their whole life?
WK: Yes, there was certainly one for me. It was the day I started at the bookstore, the Bücherstube [am Dom]. I knew this was it.
BT: Do you think that, for people who don't have that experience, there is a sense of something missing?
WK: If you don't get that sense of happiness, you don't know it's missing, either. But for me it was very clear.
BT: When you saw your first TASCHEN book?
WK: Precisely. [laughs] TASCHEN books give me the same feeling, five or six times a season...



Above, center: With over 200,000 copies sold in the original German edition, *Will Happiness Find Me?* by Peter Fischli & David Weiss is the best-selling title published by Walther König.

Left and above right: Two TASCHEN artist books from the 1990s: Albert Oehlen (left), 1997, limited edition of 25, and Martin Kippenberger (above), 1991, limited edition of 50: "Absolutely brilliant, my favorite books from TASCHEN's early years."



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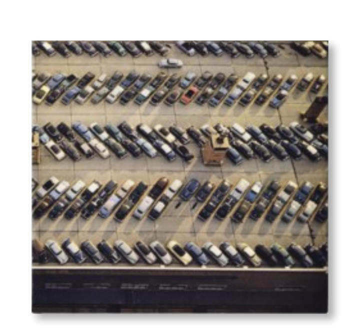
— Richard David, *Abebooks*, the world’s most popular platform for antiquarian books

Book	Year	Original price	Edition	Today’s value
HELMUT NEWTON	1999	$ 1,500	Ed. of 10,000	$ 15,000 (1000%)
LACHAPELLE	2006	$ 1,750	Ed. of 2,500	$ 4,000 (229%)
THE CURSE OF LONO — Hunter S. Thompson / Ralph Steadman	2005	$ 300	Ed. of 1,000	$ 1,500 (500%)
WALTON FORD *Pancha Tantra*	2007	$ 6,500	Art Ed. of 100	$ 10,000 (154%)
STEVE SCHAPIRO — The Godfather Family Album — ED. PAUL DUNCAN	2008	$ 700	Ed. of 1,000	$ 1,800 (257%)
ARAKI	2002	$ 1,250	Ed. of 2,500	$ 4,000 (320%)
LEROY GRANNIS	2006	$ 400	Ed. of 1,000	$ 850 (213%)
THE STANLEY KUBRICK ARCHIVES — Alison Castle	2005	$ 200	First Edition	$ 450 (225%)
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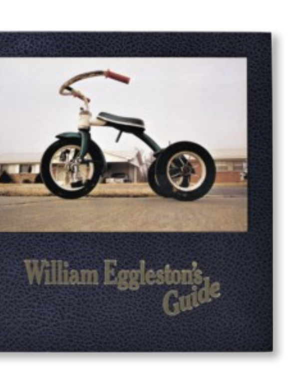




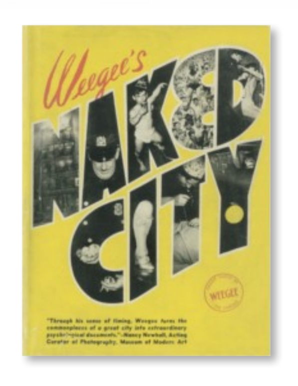



DR. PAUL WOLFF, MEINE ERFAHRUNGEN MIT DER LEICA




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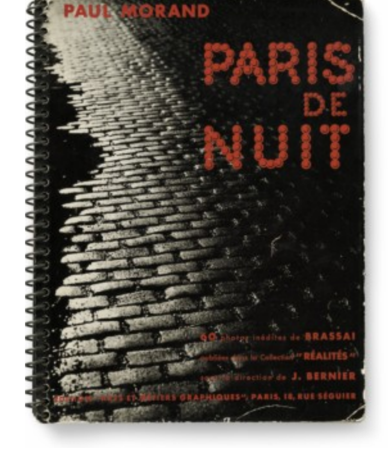

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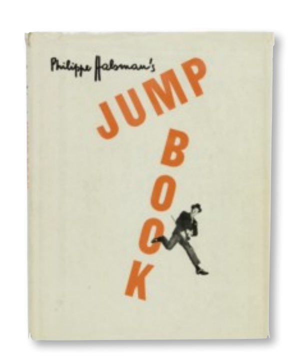




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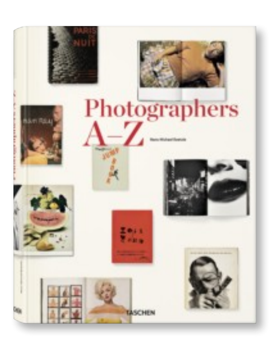
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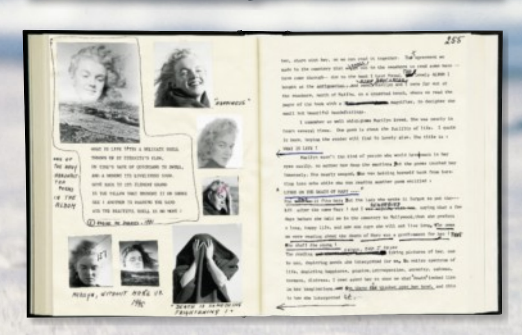
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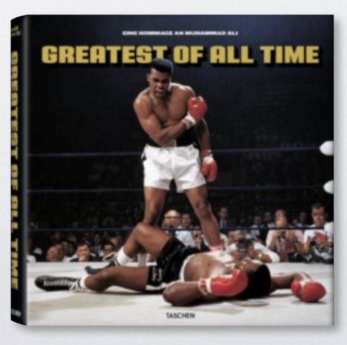


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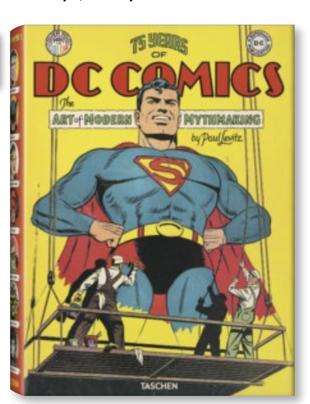


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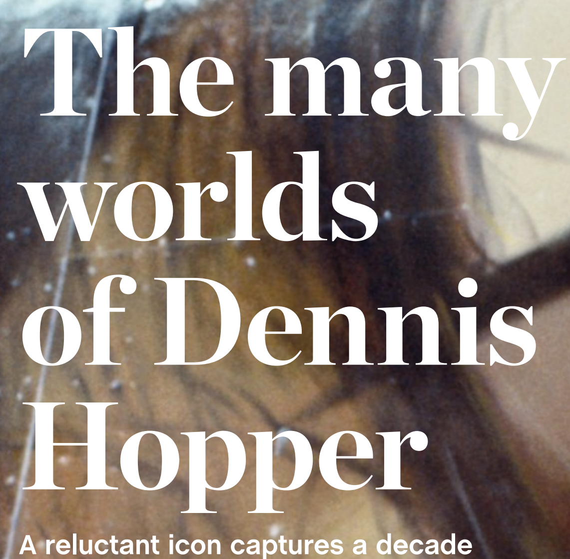
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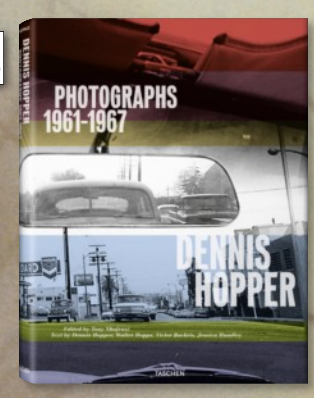
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Ike and Tina Turner at the billboard factory. In September 1966, Ike and Tina Turner's album *River Deep–Mountain High* was released. Dennis Hopper took the photo for the cover and created the cover for the single *River Deep–Mountain High* released in the same year.

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Opposite: Laminate frame glasses with geometric peaks, c. 1955.

Right: Assorted eyewear, c. 1955—c. 1985.



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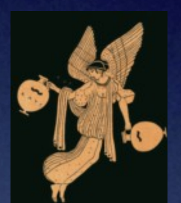
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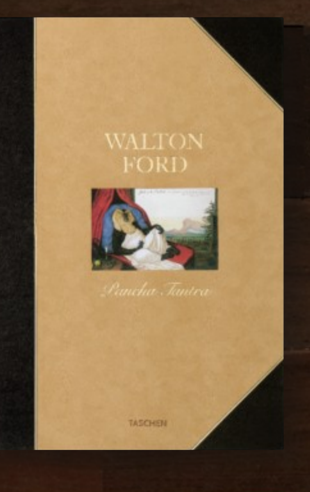
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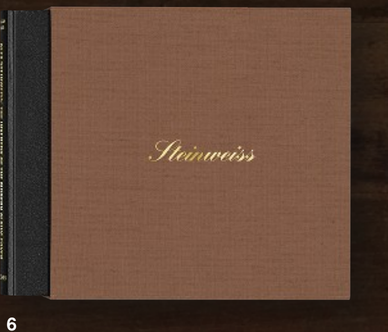


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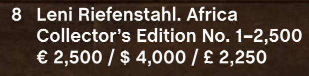


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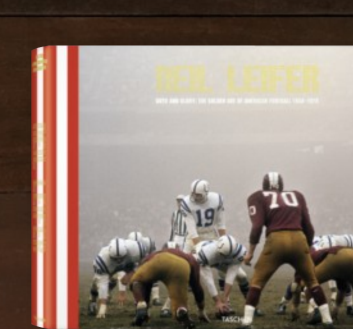


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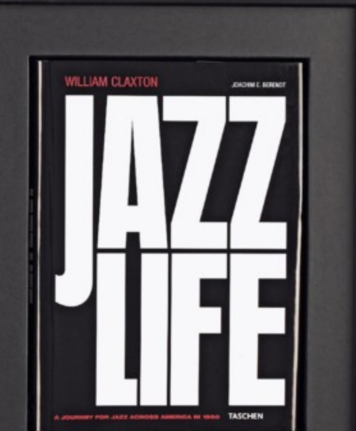




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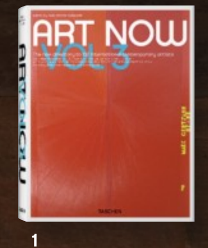
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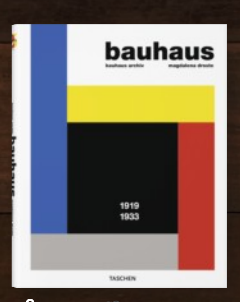
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Nude, *Der Spiegel*, Paris 1977

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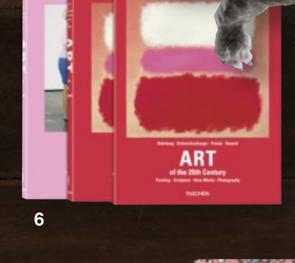
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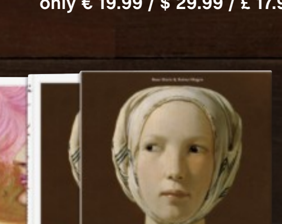
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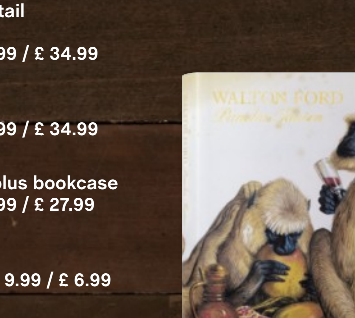
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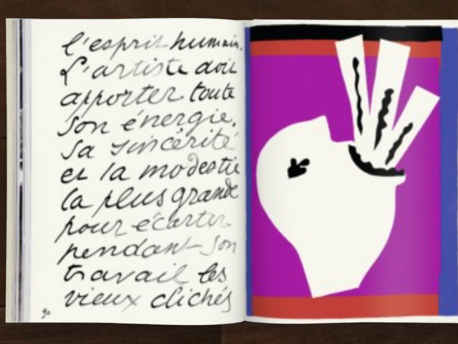
—*European Bookseller*, London

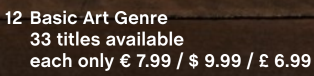


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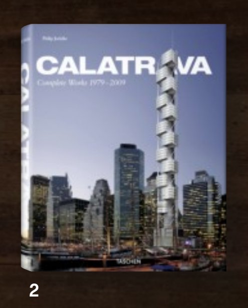
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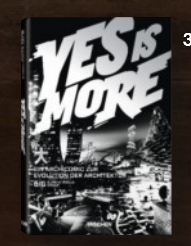
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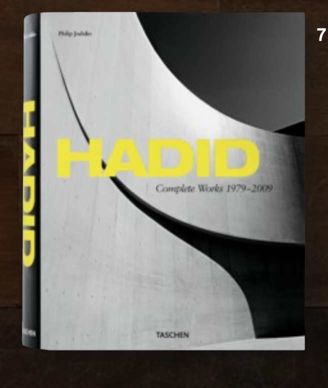
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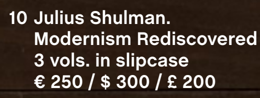
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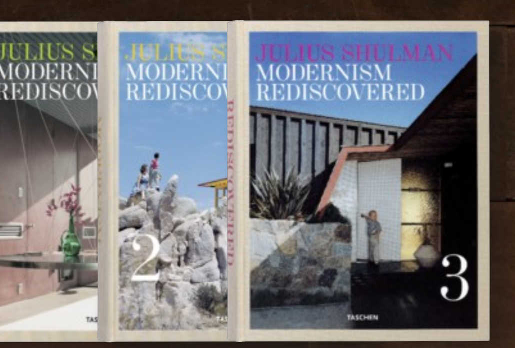


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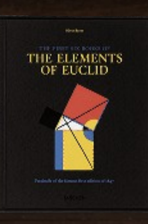
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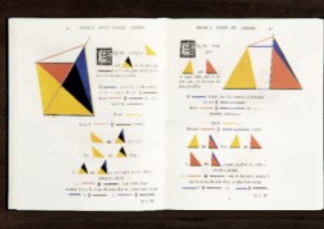




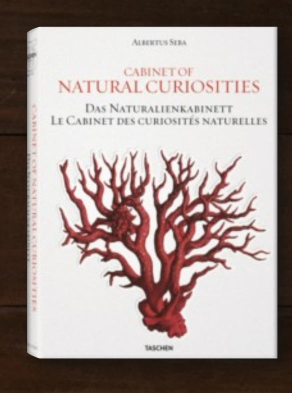
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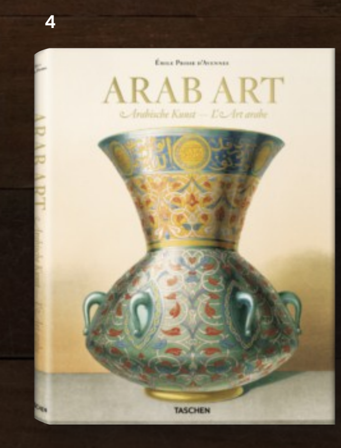


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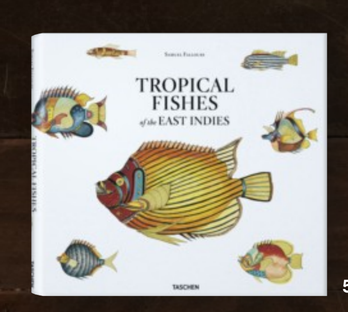
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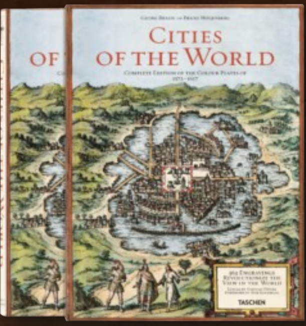
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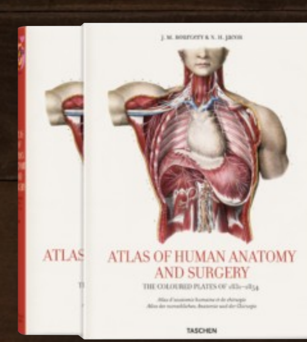


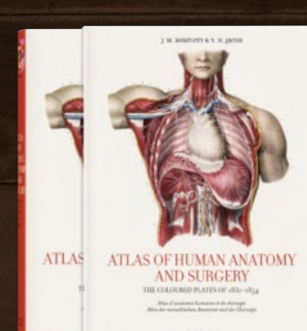
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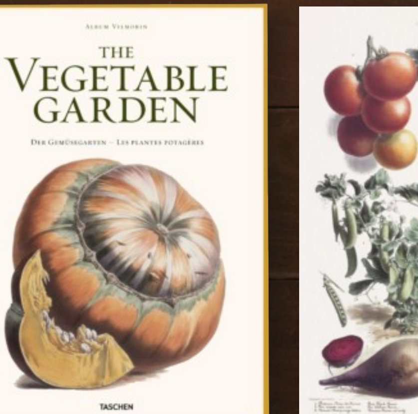
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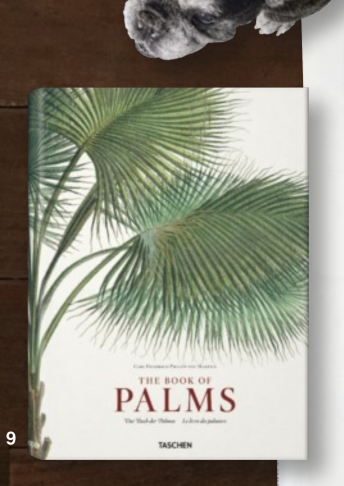


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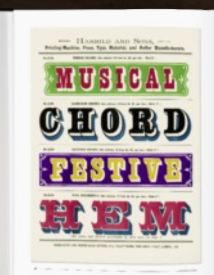


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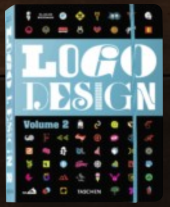
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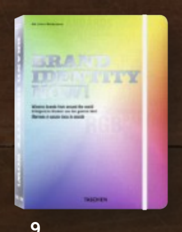
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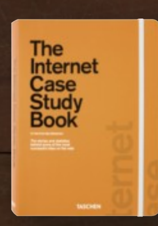
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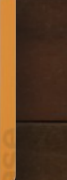


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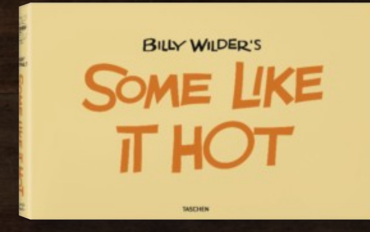
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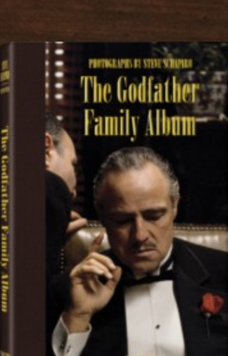
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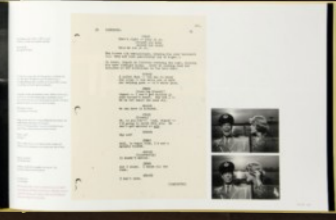


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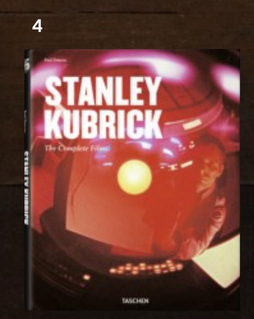


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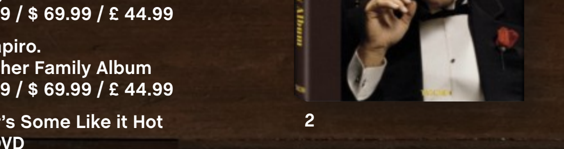
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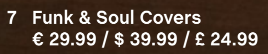
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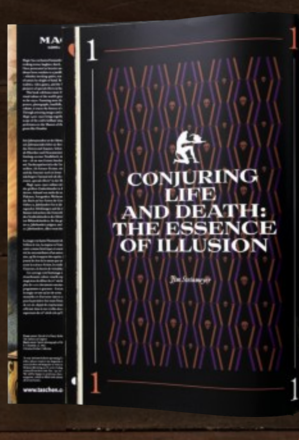


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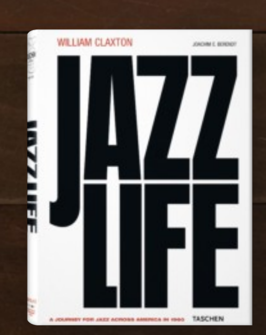
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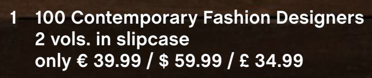




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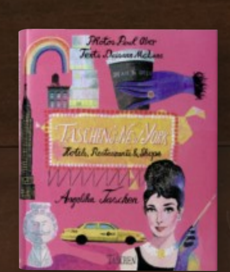
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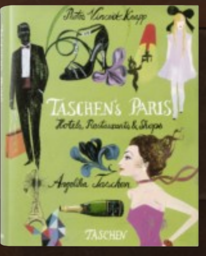
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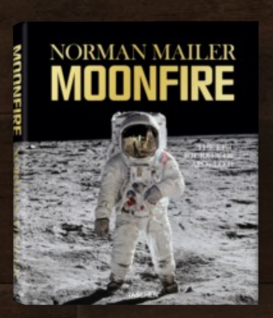


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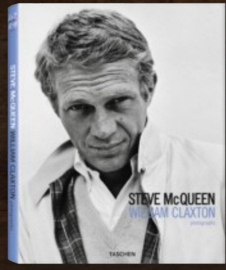
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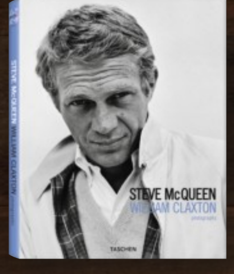


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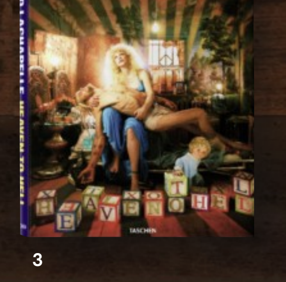








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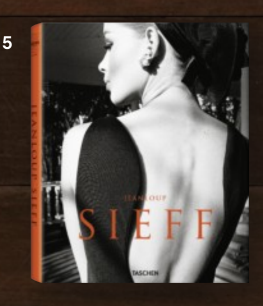
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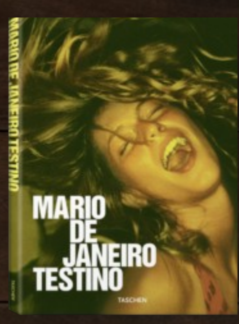
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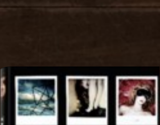
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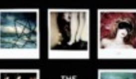
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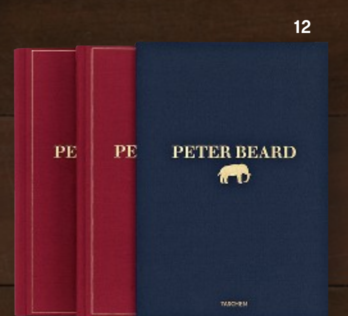


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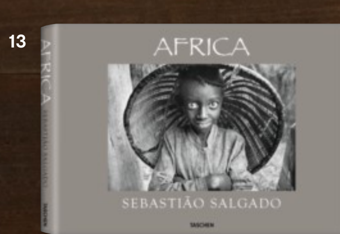
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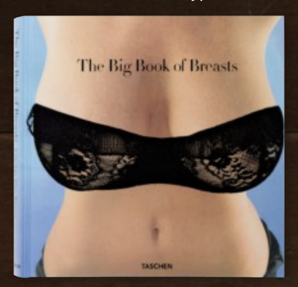
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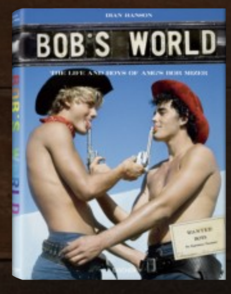


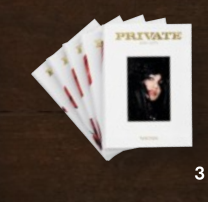


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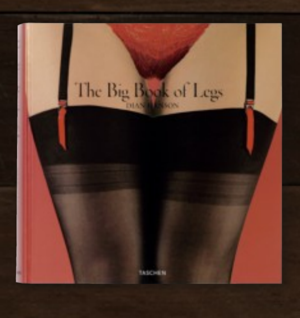






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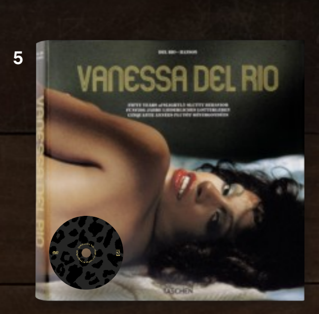








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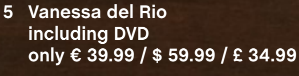


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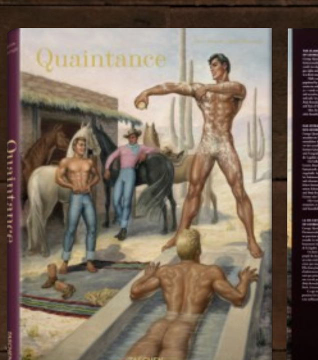
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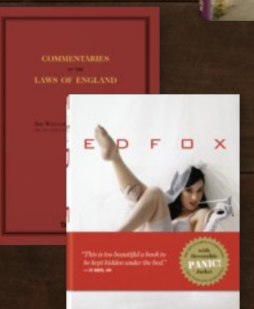




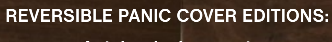
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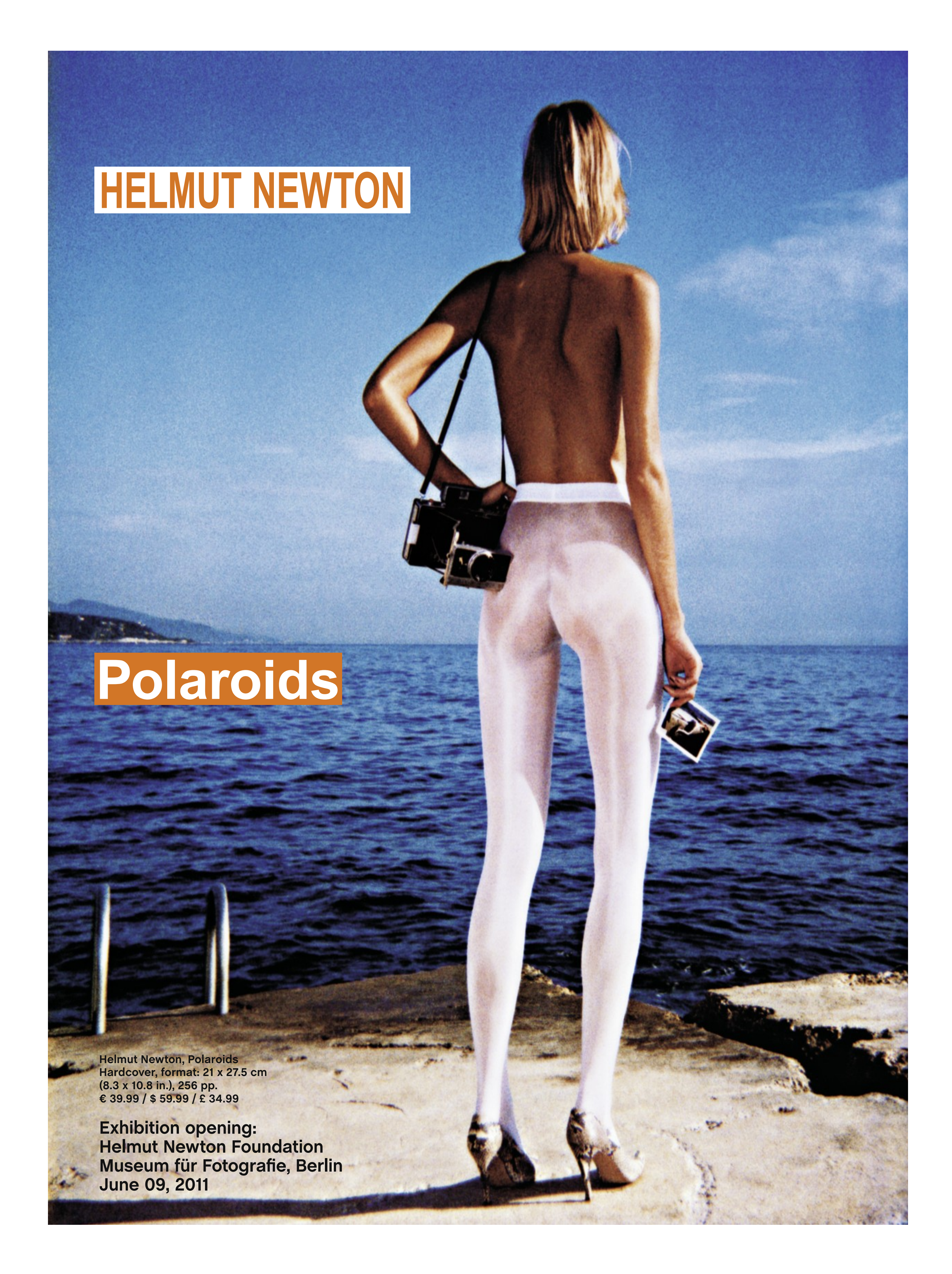
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12. *CCCP* book signing with Frédéric Chaubin at TASCHEN Store Paris.
13. Toby Ziegler at TASCHEN Store Miami.
14. *Urban Girls* photographer Howard Huang and models Arielle Hill, Ashley Thomas, Casie Griffin, and Eka Samone at TASCHEN Store New York.

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5, 11, 13 Photo courtesy: Seth Browarnik/WorldRedEye.com



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TASCHEN
Hohenzollernring 53
D–50672 Köln

Tel: +49-221-20 18 00
contact@taschen.com
For advertising enquiries:
media@taschen.com

Text: Alison Castle
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